Carter and the blacks: A breach of promise
Ted Kennedy on Phil Hart ☐ Garbage power

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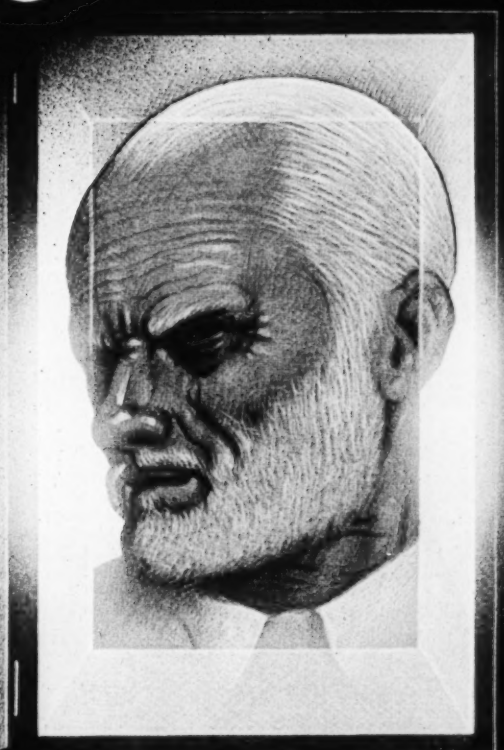

AN UNSOLVED BURGLARY THAT MAY RIVAL WATERGATE

STOLEN AND STILL MISSING: THE SECRET PAPERS OF THE WORLD'S MOST SECRETIVE MAN

BY MICHAEL DROSNIN

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JANUARY 21, 1977
VOLUME 8, NUMBER 2

NewTimes

Carter and the blacks

In November, American blacks were elated by Carter's victory. Their votes, after all, had vaulted the Georgian to the White House; now they'd have political clout. Just a few months later, with Griffin Bell at Justice and Barbara Jordan still in Congress, many blacks are wondering if they've been had.
By Robert Shrum
Page 22

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The great Hughes heist

Early one morning someone stole the secret papers of Howard Hughes. More than two years later both the burglars and the documents remain at large. But if the case is ever solved, the Romaine break-in could prove to be even bigger than Watergate, and the stolen files more explosive than the Pentagon Papers.
By Michael Drosnin
Page 26

Trashing the energy crisis

Hate those heating bills? Lyle Atkins of Houston has a machine he claims will distill your garbage into gas. The most amazing thing is, it works.
By Janet Kole and Suzanne Charlé
Page 41

COVER
ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELDS

Spirits of '76

Well, the Bicentennial's over, and in hindsight that red-white-and-blue year looks mostly black and blue: Liz and Dick got back together, only to split again; Lockheed/ Japanese relations went into a tailspin; and Earl Butz had a violent attack of foot-in-mouth disease. With a few exceptions (notably Mr. Carter), it would seem that most folks might agree with Mo Udall, who fell off his roof, broke two arms and then calmly remarked: "This hasn't been my year."
By Paul Slansky
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Enlightenment, a black crown and secured transactions.
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Party Lines
Carter's inauguration's yet to begin but, lawdy, the honeymoon's over.
By Robert Sam Anson
Page 8

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REVIEWS

Music: Grand vibes
In which our critic finds it *will* play in Cleveland—if Lionel Hampton's there.
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Fired up over Graham Parker.
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Take 2 on the good ol' days.
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Robert Sabbag traces a high-dollar cocaine smuggler.
By Geoffrey Wolff
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Final Tribute
Remembering Philip Hart.
By Edward M. Kennedy
Page 68

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Letters

Random notes

Excellent two-piece article on *Rolling Stone* ("Citizen Wenner," November 26 and "The *Rolling Stone* saga, part two," December 10). Interesting to speculate how Wenner's publication could have grown if he had only been a considerate human being.

Denis Kitchen
Krupp Comic Works
Princeton, Wisconsin

Please inform Mr. Wenner that should the time come when he can no longer afford "velvet suits" and opts for a *New Times* T-shirt and overalls, then I'll be home carefully removing the recently added staples from his magazine to return to him for recycling.

Tim Theophilakos
Perth Amboy, New Jersey

Robert Sam Anson's account of the rise of Jann Wenner was laced with the hackneyed and false belief in the sixties as the cultural pinnacle. Too much obsession with the rock myth, with rock as a generational anthem. Excluding his self-aggrandizing and his pious worship of the sixties, Anson has written a superb investigation into the workings of an egomaniac at work and play.

Carl Horowitz
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Wenner's success is much the same as a hot bath—the longer one lolls in its warm embrace, the more apt one is to forget that it is just so many gallons of dirty water.

Thomas N. Lassiter
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Really . . . a cover story on Jann Wenner—unattractive, unimportant.

William J. Dobbins
Marina Del Rey, California

I've been reading *Rolling Stone* for four years and never knew what the hell was going on there. Thanks to Robert Sam Anson for setting me straight.

Buddy Martin
Camden, South Carolina

Robert Sam Anson's two-part article on Jann Wenner was an inaccurate piece of journalism, not because of his facts, but because of the tone and shaping. What has Wenner done so wrong that he should be taken to task as if he were Richard Nixon or any other villain in our political history?

All Wenner did was start a damn fine publication, grow up with it, and keep it alive with whatever humanity, talent and resource he could muster. He may have become depressed, had ego problems and seen in himself deficiencies. This seems both human and natural.

None of us in publishing is without sin. But we should have a little compassion, if not appreciation, for those who take the real risks.

Michael Goldstein
Editor/Publisher
Soho Weekly News
New York City

Carter and Coltrane

It is difficult—but necessary—to point out the major error in Frank Conroy's music article on bassist Ron Carter ("The sound of Juzek," December 10). Conroy states that "the key job . . . that brought [Carter] enormous prestige" was with the John Coltrane Quartet, when the simple fact is Ron never worked with Trane at all!

Carter is a magnificent musician and has played with almost any major jazz name you can think of—but the bassist in the Coltrane group with McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones was the late Jimmy Garrison.

Since Conroy refers to a conversation with Carter, it should above all be made clear that all the detailed (but totally nonfactual) references to Ron's work with Coltrane and his various attitudes toward Trane's music came out of Conroy's misguided imagination, not from Ron's mouth. It should also be noted that Mrs. Carter is disturbed at Conroy's second error—attributing three sons to their family, when actually there are only two.

Orrin Keepnews
Director of Jazz A&R
Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone
Berkeley, California

Mr. Conroy replies: I apologize for the clumsy writing which made it appear that I took Ron Carter for the late Jimmy Garrison. Garrison was indeed Coltrane's main bass player in the sixties quartet. I was aware of this when I wrote the Carter article. I knew Jimmy.

Carter did play with Coltrane—even if it was only when Garrison couldn't make it—and because the Trane group was so important at the time, I still think it was a key job for Carter. I may have exaggerated the degree of importance, but it must be remembered that Carter was a very young man, on his way up, and playing with that particular group constituted a sort of imprimatur. Carter's remarks about playing with Trane did not come out of my imagination. Ron said those things to me between sets many years ago when he was playing with the group at the old Half Note. I remember where we sat and the fact that I was eating a meatball sandwich. In a recent phone call, Carter told me that he felt that way then, and still does today. My error about the number of children was a flat mistake, and I apologize to all concerned. There were three kids at Sweet Basil that night, and I mistakenly assumed they were all Ron's.

Recombinant DNA

I wish to take strong exception to a passage in your article ("Playing God with DNA," January 7) by Arthur Lubow which seriously misrepresents my views, and in doing so conveys a totally unwarranted impression of the professional abilities of my former colleague at Harvard (now associate professor of biology), Ms. Ursula Goodenough. . . .

The words he has accredited to me during this interview I have no recollection of making. Whatever I said to him was within the framework of an extended briefing in which I tried to get him to go beyond the by now banal descriptions of the hearings before the Cambridge City Council, and write about several political-social issues that I felt might explain why recombinant DNA had generated so much divisiveness at Harvard. . . .

I, of course, did not say that she doesn't work hard—she most certainly does in taking on two full-time jobs—or that she does not have the intellect, motivation or training to do very good cell biology.

I feel Arthur Lubow owes not only Professor Goodenough a deep apology, but also myself, for appearing to disparage an intelligent and a much younger scientist.

J. D. Watson
Cold Spring Harbor, New York

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Slow Down

The black crown/By James S. Kunen

As I grumped off to a solstice party one Friday evening not long ago, I thought I had an insoluble problem. But after a few glasses of solvent, as is so often the case, I saw things clearly for the first time.

Let me explain: Although the moment of enlightenment releases one from the cycle of rebirth, an enlightened intelligence may decide to work on earth for the benefit of all sentient beings. Rangjung Rigpe Dorje is the 16th incarnation of the Gyalwa Karmapa, head of the Kagyüpa order of Tibetan Buddhism since the 12th century. Born in 1924, he was discovered, as were all previous Karmapas, through a letter left by his predecessor predicting the time and place of birth of his next incarnation.

When the first Karmapa attained the fully enlightened state of Buddha, he was blessed by the presence of 100,000 dakinis, who offered him a sacred crown woven from the strands of their hair. This Vajra Crown, an expression of extreme enlightenment, is said to have been thenceforth present, though invisible, above the heads of all the Karmapas. The fifth Karmapa was guru to the emperor of China. The emperor, thanks to his own spiritual attainment, saw the invisible crown and ordered a physical replica to be made, so that everyone could see it. This Black Crown, now in the possession of the present Karmapa, is said to have the power of transmitting enlightenment on sight.

I didn't know any of these details when I saw a newspaper ad announcing that the Gyalwa Karmapa had come to America and was going to perform the Black Crown Ceremony on Pier 92 Saturday afternoon. But I love a bargain, and when I read that for $8 you could progress toward enlightenment by watching this fellow put a black crown on his head, I reached for my shoes.

Trouble was, I *couldn't* go. I had a paper to write for law school—"What Is Law?"—and three final exams to study for. So my duty was clear. To be a good kid, I'd have to skip the Black Crown Ceremony and study secured transactions. Don't ask me what secured transactions are.

As I was explaining this crisis of conscience to a sympathetic ear at the party, it hit me: What could possibly be more typical of the illusion of phenomenal reality than secured transactions? What could be more of a worldly concern than worrying about getting a 'D' rather than an 'F' on my secured transactions test? In fact, the *real* test was not the one at law school at all, but the one I was undergoing about whether to seek enlightenment. *Of course* there'd always be a diversion like my final. To think I almost fell for it! *Secured transactions!* How obvious.

A woman at the party, possibly an angel, told me that if I sacrificed my studies to seek enlightenment, I would be repaid manyfold. I would probably do *better* on my finals, she said. I realized that I had been temporarily ensnared by the trap of the dualistic fallacy, but now I was free to avail myself of an opportunity to have my

cake and eat it too, which is all I want out of life.

So the next day I went down to Pier 92, turned over my $8 "offering," and was given a booklet that admitted me to the ceremony. The booklet explained that "Giving something of value expresses surrender of one's possessive or materialistic outlook. The offering made by you"—the $8—"is an essential part of the ceremony."

About 800 people sat on folding chairs in the embarkation hall, waiting for their ship to come in. Beyond the glass walls on either side the sun-dappled water of the Hudson flowed toward the sea. At the front of the room, bolts of red, yellow and amber satin ringed a platform on which a throne of embroidered pillows stood vacant. In the aisles hung flags bearing mandalas, those oddly absorbing energy patterns that you've seen somewhere before. The Karmapa was about an hour late, which I found kind of irritating, but I figured if past, present and future are all one to you, it must be hard to keep track of time.

Finally he arrived, a round-faced man wearing a saffron robe and a red and gold ceremonial hat. He flashed a smile at the crowd and sat cross-legged on his throne. Several bald monks standing below him chanted something in Tibetan 100 times. I was about 50 rows back, but I looked closely at the Karmapa's face through binoculars. He seemed very self-contained. Sometimes he would look around, but sometimes, as he meditated, his eyes would glaze and roll upward. It was something like looking into an animal's eyes. They were not understandable. His face was like a theater mask. When he smiled it was a total smile, very beneficent. But when he frowned. . . . One time he seemed to look directly at me, as though I weren't 50 rows away, and I thought for a second that he saw me staring at him with binoculars and he was displeased. I got a very strong feeling that you would not want this guy to be displeased with you.

Of course I swung back and forth between enthusiasm and skepticism. You could sense immediately that he was not a pretender. But I saw the monks prostrating themselves before him and I thought, well, this is all very well for Tibetans, but my own tradition got past the need for the visible embodiment a long time ago. But then I thought, what? Do I think I know something Tibetans don't know? And my mind opened again.

Then there was an electrifying blast of horns, and my attention was riveted on the Karmapa. He took off his ceremonial hat. A monk approached him with an elaborately decorated box, and the Karmapa opened it and took out a red satin bag, and he opened the red satin bag and took out the Black Crown, and he held the Black Crown up for a moment, for everyone to see, and then he put it on his head and held it there with one hand, and sat motionless for two minutes, his face expressionless. He just sat there like that, as though to say I am that I am.

Then he took the crown off and put it back in the bag, and he put the bag back in the box, and that was it. ●

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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Party Lines

You can depend on it/By Robert Sam Anson

Ralph Nader was on television the other day, and he was very put out. It seems that Jimmy Carter had gone and named his cabinet without consulting him. Considering whom Carter named, you could see why Nader was upset. The president of Bendix and various board members of Chase Manhattan Bank and IBM—with all their statements about "reassuring the business community"—hardly seem to be champions of the American consumer. But it went deeper than that. Ralph Nader had given Jimmy Carter his personal seal of approval; said he would be the "greatest" boost to the consumers in the history of the Republic; why, he had even played softball with him in Plains. And now? Well, it was embarrassing. Ralph Nader had been fooled. The number one consumer expert in America had just been victimized by the greatest consumer fraud in history: a slick package called Jimmy Carter.

Welcome to the club, Ralph. You have plenty of company. There are all the liberals who wouldn't vote for Udall, a lot of the Kennedy crowd, pundits like Tom Wicker and Tony Lewis and, down near the bottom of the list, a reporter for *New Times* magazine who once wrote a 29,000-word piece extolling the glories of Jimmy Carter and his land. And don't forget about Hunter Thompson. He's in there somewhere, too.

Unlike the clubs to which Griffin Bell belongs (I had lunch at one of them once, and though the service was very attentive I could never quite get used to the waiter saying "yez boss" to me), the We Have Been Had Club welcomes one and all, regardless of race, creed, color, religion, national origin or previous history of common sense. No questions are asked and no apologies are called for. Everyone understands that these things happen, even in the most liberal of families. While our membership is constantly expanding, we do not yet have an official clubhouse. Instead, we meet in small groups, mostly at Manhattan and Georgetown cocktail parties, where, over good white wine, we keep saying to each other, "How could Jimmy do this to us?" To which someone will always add: "And after everything we did for him."

It's not all misery, though. There are plenty of jokes to enliven the atmosphere. Mary McGrory, who is one of our charter members, had a good one the other day. It was a quote from Jody Powell, who had asked a few reporters, "Wasn't Dean Rusk really a good secretary of state, aside from Vietnam?" Sort of like, "Wasn't Hitler really a pretty good führer aside from this thing he had about the Jews?"

Such ridicule hardly bothers the "good managers," as Carter calls his new team. They have, like every team that has preceded them, become openly contemptuous of the people who elected them. Does it bother Hamilton Jordan that he vowed to resign if Vance became secretary of state and Brzezinski national security adviser? Not in the slightest. Jordan explains that he was "mistaken." And the defense cuts? Powell claims his boss never promised any such thing—a lie not only bald-faced, but

ALEX WEBB/MAGNUM

insulting. No one is immune. Even the so-called good guys like Andy Young put on a different coat when they go to work for Jimmy, in Young's case a demeaning defense of Bell's racist past. Bell's critics, Young says sneeringly, are merely "northern intellectuals," conveniently forgetting that it was those self-same "northern intellectuals" who, in all probability, saved his life during those dark days in the South.

Yes, we have been had. And maybe Jerry Brown or Teddy Kennedy will, as you hear liberals say at cocktail parties in Georgetown and in Manhattan, come riding to the rescue in 1980. But let's face it. Jimmy Carter didn't fool us. We fooled ourselves.

A close examination of Carter's record reveals that he is behaving today as he has always behaved. He was never a fire-breathing liberal. His civil rights record, while commendable, and, in some cases, even courageous, would never make him a card-carrying member of the ACLU. He has always favored a strong military. He was never a Vietnam dove. The populist peanut farmer of our mythology, was, in fact, a millionaire businessman, with all the instincts you would expect a small-town millionaire businessman out of Annapolis to have.

It was all there in black and white, the entire record, for anyone who troubled to look at it. And we ignored it. Not only ignored it, but distorted it, made him something other than he was, shaped him in our imagination, the way we wanted him to be.

There is a good excuse, of course: we wanted to believe in something. Maybe it was the way he talked: with that quiet, God-fearing fervor in his voice. Or who he was: an outsider, a Southerner, a man of the soil. Or maybe we were swept away in the desperate romanticism of it all.

That is how it was for me. I remember a conversation I had in Atlanta with a friend, a senior adviser of Carter's, who said with moving sincerity, "What this election comes down to is a battle between cynicism and hope." I knew which side I wanted to be on. And so I took the plunge, and suspended disbelief. Maybe you read the result: a 30-page paean of praise to Jimmy and his land. " . . . I decided that that was his secret: that he was like any other man, and no one knew it better than he. . . ." What unadulterated crap.

Knowing that there were others who put in less than glorious performances at their typewriters provides some comfort. But not enough. Because there is this stack of Xerox clippings on my desk, along with the picture of Ralph Nader playing softball with Jimmy Carter, and the quote from Hamilton Jordan about quitting, and the Pentagon Papers section about Harold Brown and a lot of other little mementos, right there alongside my very own invitation to the Inauguration. The Xeroxes are the stories I wrote about Jimmy Carter. They are going to stay there for a long while as a kind of silent reminder of the election between cynicism and hope. I know now which side won.

Get ready, Jimmy. Things are going to be different from now on. You can depend on it. ●

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The Insider

Earthquake war/Secret DNA labs/Curing impotence

Politics

Wire of the week

Algeria is a radical Arab nation widely known for its oil riches (it's a member of OPEC) and rather less well known for its abundance of large game birds called bustards. Algeria hasn't been on the best of terms with the U.S. in recent years, which presumably accounts for the phrasing in the telegram at right, classified "Limited Official Use" and sent by Richard Parker, the American ambassador in Algiers, to the secretary of state and other American officials.

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LIMITED OFFICIAL USE ALGIERS 2880

E.O. 11652: N/A
TAGS: PFOR XI AG SA
SUBJECT: SAUDI FOREIGN MINISTER PURSUES ALGERIAN BUSTARDS

1.  SAUDI AMBASSADOR INFORMS ME THAT PRINCE SAUD AND HIS
RETINUE ARE HERE FOR A MONTH.  THEY ARE AT PRESENT IN AREA
EAST OF LAGHOUAT BUT MAY MOVE FURTHER WEST.  PRINCE IS NOT
HUNTING GAZELLES BUT BUSTARDS, AND IS USING FALCONS FOR
PURPOSE, HAVING BROUGHT SOME TWENTY-FIVE OF THOSE BIRDS WITH
HIM.  HUNT IS BEING PRESIDED OVER BY COL. BENCHERIF,
COMMANDER OF GENDARMERIE AND COUNCIL OF THE REVOLUTION MEMBER.

2.  COMMENT:  SAUDI AMBASSADOR TELLS US THERE A LOT OF
BUSTARDS HERE.  WE HAVE ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT.

PARKER
BT
#2880
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What the Senate means by "reform"

Before they ever heard the word "reorganization" from Jimmy Carter, senators voted to establish a committee to study the committee system. Its recommendations will be

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

Stevenson: Doing good

considered this month and now seem likely to pass, in part because they have been labelled as "reform." But there is more to the tale:

- The chairman of the Committee to Study Committees, Adlai Stevenson, seems to have done well for his own interests while supposedly doing good for the Senate. Stevenson and four other senators on that committee also serve on the Finance Committee, which appeared ripe for a cutback in jurisdiction. Finance has the broadest jurisdiction in the Senate, including taxes, welfare, social security and health care. But not only is Finance to continue as expansive as it is now, but the Foreign Relations Committee's responsibility for international economic matters is to be transferred to a subcommittee of the Commerce Committee—which (incidentally?) Stevenson is in line to chair.
- The formula for distributing subcommittee chairmanships in fact would redistribute power upward, from younger to senior members. The 45 most senior Democrats would have two of these chairmanships each; the 16 junior Democrats, including all the new members, would have none.

Transition notes

Last month, the dispute in the transition team between Carter campaign manager Hamilton Jordan and nominal transition chief Jack Watson reached the point of Watson handing in a letter of resignation, then withdrawing it later the same afternoon. One reason Watson lost to Jordan in their power struggle, says a Jordan ally, is that "Jack is an efficiency expert of sorts and not a politican at all." For example, he explains, Watson's original plan for transition staff not only shortchanged Jordan and press secretary Jody Powell, but provided "no—not one—staff spot for Rosalynn Carter." That, he observes, was "dumb."

- Mid-level political aides in the Carter campaign who lack evident qualifications for most federal posts have been worried about where and whether they could work in the new administration. Watch for ACTION, the agency which includes both VISTA and the Peace Corps, to take up the slack. Says a transition aide: "It will become the elephant's burial ground."
- The confusion over exactly what Walter Mondale will do as vice-president is partly a product of his own indecision. One of his closest friends in the Senate says that Mondale couldn't make up his mind about what specific responsibilities to take. Carter was offering a choice among many. The solution: a general role for Mondale, not quite as chief-of-staff, but as the president's principal adviser on everything. In the meantime, Mondale has achieved an easy informality with Carter. Shortly after Secretary of Transportation William Coleman's decision on autosafety airbags, Mondale asked the President-elect what he thought about them. "The American people," Carter replied, "obviously like airbags. They just elected two of them." And yes, he was smiling.

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Jimmy and Fritz: All smiles

• Retiring Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss apparently played a complicated game about the choice of his successor. Early on he publicly and privately pushed former Maine Governor Kenneth Curtis for the post, which surprised those who knew how persistently Curtis and Strauss had disagreed in recent years over issues such as party reform. What a few understood was the real reason for Strauss' sudden change of feelings. It came shortly after he learned that Curtis and retiring Vermont Governor Thomas Salmon were both in contention to head the Federal Energy Agency. Strauss, who comes from and is returning to the high reaches of Texas finance and lawyering, preferred Salmon, a friend of pro-oil Oklahoma Governor David Boren, to Curtis, who is consumer oriented on energy issues. Strauss' strategem was to eliminate Curtis as a possibility for FEA by conceding to him the National Committee. But Strauss may have outfoxed himself: Curtis will become National Chairman—but with the recent emergence of James Schlesinger as energy czar, it is uncertain whether Salmon will get FEA, whether Curtis could have—or whether it matters as much as Strauss thought.

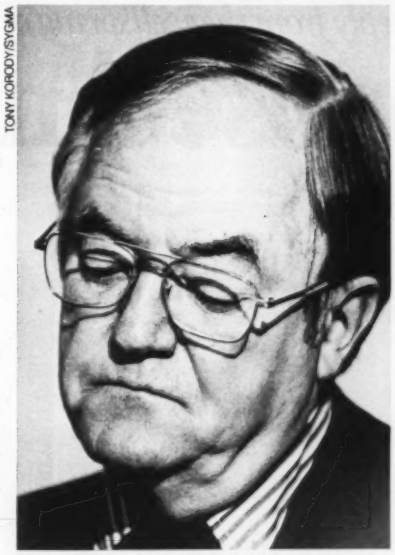
• The New York mayoral race has yet to officially begin, but it looks as if one of the frontrunners might already be dropping out. Sources say that Bella Abzug, who lost her seat in Congress due to an unsuccessful bid for the Senate, has been asked to become a commissioner on the Federal Trade Commission, where she'd be monitoring the actions of the nation's largest corporations. The same sources say that, in a memo to Carter, the transition staff recommended that the Manhattan democrat be put in a regulatory agency, where she would *not* be working directly with Carter; Bella, they stated, is very independent and simply doesn't take orders well. Bella is reportedly holding out for the FTC chairmanship, but Carter's transition staff members are said to be balking because they're afraid of adverse reaction in the business community to the appointment.

Humphrey's last loss

One reason Hubert Humphrey lost the race for Senate Majority Leader was his chronic optimism.

Humphrey entered the race in June, months after Robert Byrd. By that time Byrd had commitments from liberal senators who otherwise might have backed Humphrey. Why did the Minnesotan delay? Because all along he was convinced that he would be the Democratic presidential nominee. He had it all figured out—dead wrong—as he recently explained to a Senate colleague.

TONY KORODY/SYGMA



Humphrey: A victim of optimism

Humphrey calculated that after the primaries George Wallace would have 25 percent of the delegates and Scoop Jackson 30 percent—with the rest widely scattered. A majority of such a convention, he thought, would prefer him to Wallace or Jackson, some of whose delegates would not have swallowed a Wallace-Jackson deal, if one was made.

Even before Humphrey's defeat, his associates back in Minnesota were taking it out on South Dakota liberal James Abourezk, whose surprising December endorsement of Byrd may have been the final blow to Humphrey's chances. Humphrey friends and supporters sponsored a Christmas fund-raising cocktail party in Minneapolis for Congressman Larry Pressler, Abourezk's likely Republican opponent in 1978.

Freshman funnies

One light note on the Majority Leader contest: During a conversation with freshman Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, his very Republican freshman colleague, S.I. Hayakawa, asked whom he should vote for, Humphrey or Byrd. Moynihan uncharacteristically suffered another's foolishness well. He explained gently that only Democrats, who outnumber Republicans 3–2 in the Senate, could help choose the *Majority* Leader.

FRED KAPLAN/BLACK STAR

Hayakawa: A lot to learn

Military shake-up

Earthquakes Hit Red Sea Area. Thousands Dead in Somalia and Southern Yemen.

That is how the headlines might have read had the Pentagon carried out a top-secret plan for earthquake warfare developed in the 1960s.

According to Lt. Col. Anthony Herbert—who was forced out of the army in 1972 for exposing war crimes in Vietnam—the army's plan called for nuclear devices to be planted along a fault in the earth's crust. They would be used to trigger earthquakes as a final military strategy in the event of a communist takeover in the Red Sea region.

A Defense Department spokesperson confirmed that the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) had "looked into" the possibility of earthquake warfare in the 1960s. "But," she added, "the state of the art is not such that we can do that."

Herbert does not know whether any atomic weapons were actually placed along the fault, which runs from Kenya's Olduvai Gorge to the Red Sea. But he says that while serving as an army intelligence officer in the Middle East in 1965, he explored potential sites for underground and underwater nuclear devises and conducted clandestine reconnaissance missions to determine the plan's feasibility. "We brought back samples of the ocean floor and sometimes we even buried inoperative training models of portable nuclear devices."

Herbert's base of operations was the *Duxbury Bay*, one of the three ships in the Little White Fleet that sailed the Indian Ocean under diplomatic cover but that were engaged in intelligence-gathering activities, according to Herbert. No one on the *Duxbury* knew what Herbert was up to, not even the frogman who worked with him. Orders for the project came directly from the office of Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, by way of Kermit Roosevelt, grandson of Teddy Roosevelt and a former CIA operative in the Middle East. Reports were returned by the same route.

One can only speculate how far the Pentagon carried its plans for earthquake warfare. But, throughout

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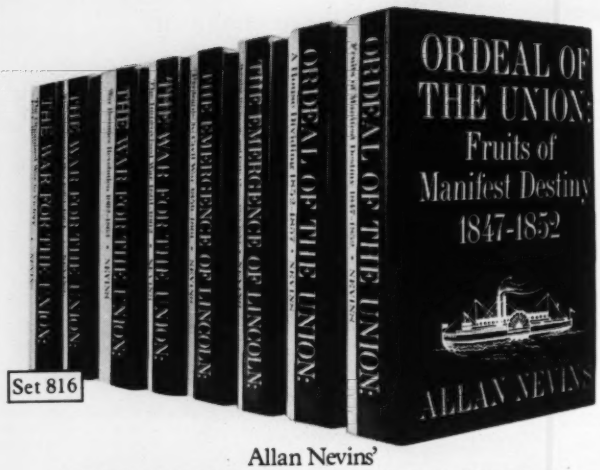
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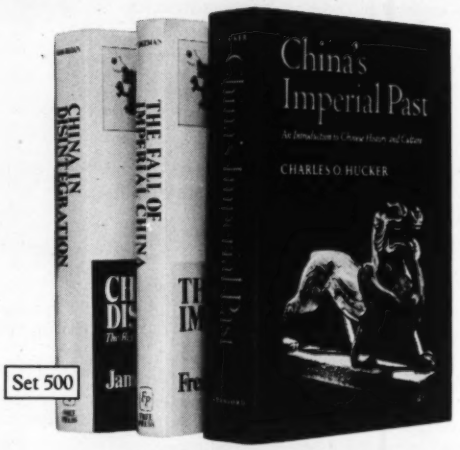

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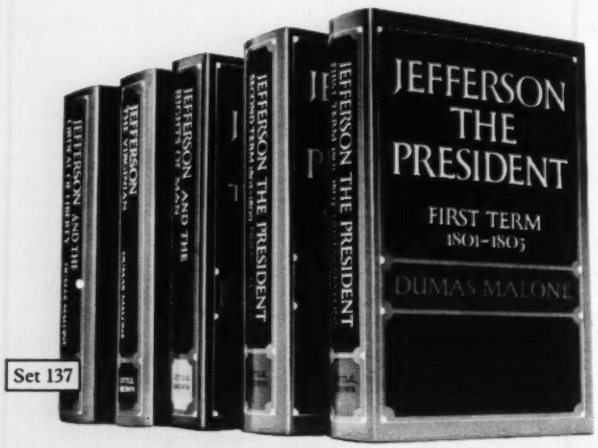

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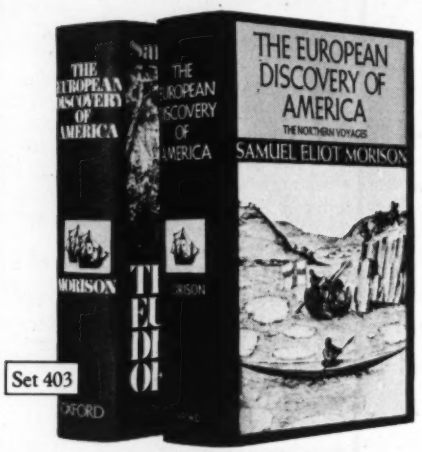

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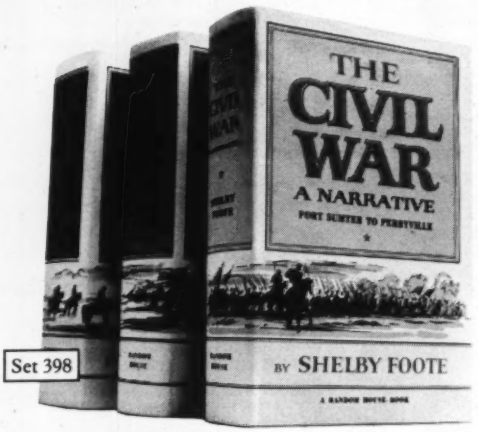

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PETER LAKE/BLACK STAR

Los Angeles, 1971: Learning to use the earth's crust as a weapon

the 1960s and into the 1970s, the Defense Department's supersecret ARPA funded extensive seismological research, including studies of artificially induced earthquakes. The first of these programs was Project VELA, which developed methods for monitoring underground nuclear explosions and distinguishing them from real earthquakes. In 1969, ARPA began a second project, code-named PRIME ARGUS which, according to the Pentagon spokesperson, "extended the detection research to include diagnostic methods for determining design characteristics of foreign nuclear tests." The project did not involve earthquakes, she said, and was terminated in 1974.

Her statement conflicts with testimony given to the House Committee on Appropriations in 1971 by ARPA director Dr. Eberhardt Richtin, who described PRIME ARGUS research into man-made earthquakes. One of the accomplishments of the program, he said, was the "development of the concept_____by a_____nuclear explosion_____." (ARPA, apparently afraid of tremors that might be caused by full disclosure, requested the deletions.) Richtin told the congressmen: "We spent a total of ____ in fiscal years '69 and '70 in this research, which is a cooperative effort with the Department of the Interior primarily directed toward understanding how earthquakes are apparently being generated by injecting fluids into deep wells."

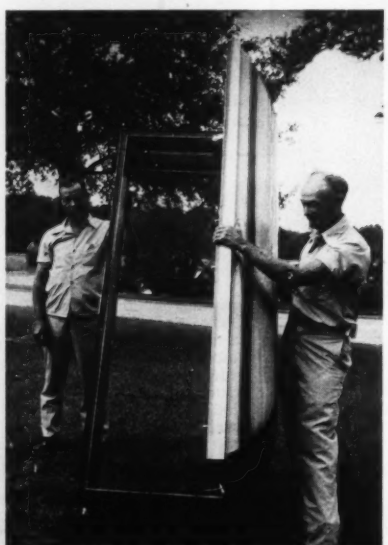
Seismologists discovered in the late 1960s that it is indeed possible to induce earthquakes by the injection of fluids, under high pressure, into the earth's crust. According to one expert at the Lamont Geological Observatory in New Jersey, earthquakes triggered by this method are far more potent than those caused by underground nuclear explosions. Why was ARPA so interested in fluid-injection earthquakes? The official explanation from the Directorate for Defense Information is that the Pentagon wants "to determine the kinds of rock into which noxious fluids from Defense plants could be injected" without seismic risk.

Is it too far-fetched, given what Herbert has disclosed, to wonder if ARPA has other noxious objectives in mind? The Defense spokesperson was quick to deride "doomsday writers who say it is possible to use earthquakes and tidal waves as weapons." But that doesn't mean the Pentagon isn't trying.

—Robert Friedman

Frugal funeral

When Orlando, Fla., cemetery owner John Floren invented the "Catafalque"—a sort of reusable bottomless casket—he knew he was on to something big. "People have been looking for something like this for a long time," he says. "They're tired of being ripped off by the fat cats in the funeral industry."



Recyclable casket: Last saving

The ornate catafalque is only for displaying the body. After the services, the unit is broken down. A linen-lined "slumber bed" with a fiberglass bottom is removed and then capped with a fiberglass top. Only this instant vault is lowered into the ground; the catafalque shell returns to the funeral home for future use. And the customer saves up to half the cost of a funeral and burial. With the national average around $3,100 (according to the Federal Trade Commission), that's considerable. Since the catafalque went on the market a year ago, over 4,000 central Florida families have bought the service "pre-need," and scores of cemeteries around the country are making plans to carry Floren's invention or a similar version.

Floren, who became a millionaire selling cemetery plots "pre-need" and now owns three "memorial parks," has naturally come under fire from tradition-minded funeral directors who say he's infringing on their territory by selling funeral merchandise. Floren isn't fazed by their criticism: "The ones who oppose me are the directors who take advantage of a family's grief at the time of death and try to sell them a casket they can't afford." His catafalque, Floren says, is "a financial compromise between cremation and an expensive burial. You get a beautiful, shiny casket for display for a lower price. It's an inexpensive funeral—with dignity." *—Bill Belleville*

Mind & Body

Erector sets for adults

Formerly impotent men ranging in age from 22 to 82 are getting a rise out of the latest in prosthetic devices.

A Houston urologist reports that 90 percent of the first 135 men to undergo the surgery say they're satisfied with the results. About one-fourth had become impotent because of diabetes (it's estimated that half of all male diabetics suffer from impotence), the rest from a variety of disorders.

The operation works like this: A surgeon inserts two elastic silicone cylinders into the body of the penis, places a thumb-sized pump in the scrotum and tucks a fluid reservoir

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—Linda Gillian

Rock around the clock

When it comes to keeping the feet and legs in shape, what's the next best thing to walking? According to the co-chief of podiatry at Philadelphia's St. Luke's and Children's Medical

CULVER PICTURES

Rocking: Relaxation, circulation

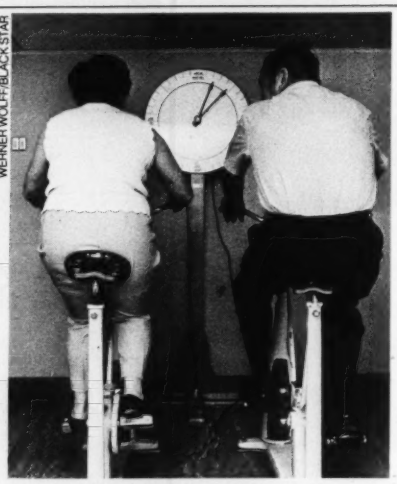
Center, it's whiling away the time in a rocking chair.

"The action of the foot, flexing and extending, stimulates the muscles in the lower leg," says Dr. Arthur E. Helfand. "It also can considerably improve blood circulation throughout both the legs and feet."

Dr. Helfand is so big on rocking that he recommends it for all sedentary people—regardless of age. It's especially good for diabetics, who have sluggish circulation in the legs and feet.

Health knot

Only 55 percent of all adult Americans say they engage in physical activity for the purpose of exercise, according to a



WERNER WOLFF/BLACK STAR

Exercise: Kidding ourselves

survey conducted for the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports. But, amazingly enough, 57 percent of those polled believe they get *enough* exercise.

Never underestimate the appeal of self-delusion. According to the survey, those who don't exercise are more likely to believe they get enough exercise than those who do work out.

Titters

The woman's movement notwithstanding, Americans—both men and women—still believe a joke is funnier if the butt of the humor is female.

In a University of Wisconsin study, investigators found that students almost invariably rated jokes ridiculing women funnier than those poking fun at men. Test your own response with one of the researchers' jokes:

"Two actresses ran into each other at a party. One says to the other, 'I liked your autobiography. Who wrote it for you?' The other replies, 'I'm so glad you enjoyed it. Who read it to you?' " Now substitute "actors" for "actresses" and see if it's as humorous.

Surprisingly, when the butt of a joke was male, the Wisconsin coeds thought it even less funny than the male students did. "Not only has the anti-female bias been demonstrated again," glumly commented Joanne Cantor, professor of communications, "but this time females showed the bias even more."

Marital blitz

One drawback of single life is that it often entails prolonged bouts of sexual deprivation. But do married people really have it better? Perhaps not. A study conducted in Toronto by two American researchers under a Canadian government grant indicates that long sexual droughts are not in the least exceptional among even relatively young married couples.

In the study, a group of psychiatrists questioned 365 spouses, selected at random. Most were less than 40 years old and had been married several years. One third of the respondents said that at least once they had stopped having sex with their partners for a period averaging eight weeks. Some had abstained as long as six months. The most common reason given for the sexual disruption was marital discord.

"Assuming that the respondents are representative, discontinuous intercourse is an experience of a sizable proportion of the married population," the researchers concluded. "Our findings imply that the bedroom often becomes a battlefield and that the obligatory nature of marital coitus is abrogated—sometimes for extensive periods." *—Larry Frederick*

Seeing spots

Rack up another black mark against the swine flu inoculation boondoggle. Because giving the shots kept local and state health departments so busy, routine immunization programs fell behind. The upshot: an outbreak of measles. The number of measles cases reported nationwide through the end of 1976 was 37,000—15,000, or 64 percent, above the number in 1975.

"All the states had to curtail their routine immunizations because of the swine flu program," concedes Dr. John Witte of the U.S. Center for Disease Control. "And even with the program now in abeyance it's going to take a while to catch up."

WIDE WORLD

Measles: Staging a comeback

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Girls will be girls

Teenage girls have come a long way, baby. We reported earlier that they're smoking almost as much as the boys, and now we learn that they're right up there with the boys, too, when it comes to drinking and drug abuse.

In a survey in a blue-collar suburb of Boston, 25 percent of the boys and 24 percent of the girls said they had been intoxicated at least five times over the past year. In a neighboring affluent community, 16 percent of the boys and 17 percent of the girls reported drinking heavily.

When it came to drug use, girls in both towns outpaced the boys, especially when the drug was an amphetamine, barbiturate or strong pain killer. Moreover, when the students were grouped on the basis of whether they used only marijuana or marijuana along with other drugs, significantly more girls than boys fell into the multiuse category.

Taking Care of Business

Secret labs for DNA research

The last issue of *New Times* explored the dilemmas posed by recombinant-DNA research ("Playing God with DNA," January 7). The work, which involves splicing genetic material together to create new forms of life, could lead to startling scientific advances—perhaps even a cure for cancer. On the other hand, critics of the research fear that it could lead to evolutionary disaster. The question of who will control such expensive and dangerous research—scientists, communities where the work is done or the society in general—is one of the great public issues of our technological age.

Now *New Times* has discovered the names and locations of seven laboratories already or soon to be engaged in recombinant-DNA research for drug companies. In most cases, the cities affected didn't know until we contacted them that the research was going on in their backyards.

Whatever the danger in academic recombinant-DNA research, it is greater in commercial research, and the social issues are more critical. Two years of meetings and inquiries at the federal level have resulted in elaborate safety and control guidelines issued by the National Institutes of Health. The NIH guidelines, however, cover only academic research that is directly sponsored through NIH grants; the guidelines do *not* cover research carried out by the sector most likely to have impact on the general public—private industry.

ILLUSTRATION BY CARLOS OCHAGAVIA

DNA: Is it private property?

So, as Senator Edward Kennedy has noted, while the glare of public scrutiny has focused on academic DNA laboratories, Americans "may well be under greater risk . . . from research being done in industry or in the other centers that are not following NIH guidelines." Indeed, the *Washington Post* reported on September 23, "the government does not know what companies are trying to create revolutionary new forms of life or the whereabouts of their laboratories."

Dr. Bernard Talbot, of the office of the director of NIH, elaborated in an interview with *New Times*: "As of now, there is no federal agency that is looking at research being done by private industry in recombinant-DNA research. As I understand it, if private industry wants to do research, the federal government has no right to inspect or monitor the facilities now."

Just a few weeks ago, the federal government held its first two interagency meetings to consider private industry's research, which included agencies potentially involved in some aspect of industrial research and the use of DNA. Among the agencies were: the National Science Foundation, Veterans Administration, Departments of Agriculture, Defense, Transportation and Commerce, NASA, EPA, Energy Research and Development Administration, Center for Disease Control, Food and Drug Administration, Occupational Safety and Health Administration and NIH. With so many bureaucracies, there is considerable confusion over who has authority, and deliberation over the issuing of guidelines for industry will almost certainly be slow.

We have learned that in fact at least seven major pharmaceutical companies are either presently engaged in recombinant-DNA research or about to undertake lab experimentation (see box below). Spokespersons for several of these companies reluctantly admitted their involvement in recombinant-DNA research to us, while others simply refused to talk about it.

Meanwhile, the major pharmaceutical companies are jumping over each other to stake out their turf in the "new life forms" industry, all the while trying to keep their research hidden from public. As Dr. Jerome Birnbaum, executive director of Merck, Sharpe & Dohme Research Labs , explained: "If you disclose your research plans, you lose the right to a patent."

—Jeremy Rifkin and Ted Howard

Private labs for recombinant DNA research

Company	Location of laboratory
Hoffmann-LaRoche	Nutley, NJ
Eli Lilly & Company	Indianapolis, IN
The Upjohn Company	Kalamazoo, MI
Miles Laboratories	Rochester, NY and South Bend, IN
Merck, Sharp and Dohme Research Laboratories	Rahway, NJ
Abbott Laboratories	North Chicago, IL
Pfizer, Inc.	Groton, CT

Miles Laboratories is paying the University of Rochester to do research in recombinant DNA. At Notre Dame, Miles has rented space in the labs and Miles researchers are carrying out experiments there. The last three companies have not yet begun their research, but are tooling up.

CARTER AND THE BLACKS

After their votes put Jimmy Carter in the White House, American blacks expected plenty of clout at the top. Now, with Griffin Bell at Justice, Andy Young at the UN, and Barbara Jordan still in Congress, they wonder if they have been had

BY ROBERT SHRUM

They flew into Chicago from their scattered domains, 14 of them, black, hopeful, outsiders on their way to the center of power. Just five days before, their people had put Jimmy Carter in the White House, and now they gathered in an extraordinary session to claim their part of the prize. Mayor Bradley was there from L. A., Mayor Jackson from Atlanta. So were several House members, the Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, the vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Brothers all, in a conference room of the O'Hare Hilton, but one brother was more equal than the rest: Andrew Young—congressman, Georgian, Jimmy Carter's main man. Now Young was telling them that Carter understood his debt to black America, that it would be repaid in full. After the long night of Nixon and Ford, their day had come. And Young was proclaiming it. He told them to draw up a list of qualified blacks for high-level positions in every department of the federal government. "And we're going to get at least two Cabinet posts," said Young. They could depend on it.

Young himself, it was agreed, could have almost anything he wanted; but as the group moved down the roster of top jobs, they came to a possibility that he dismissed instantly, not only for himself, but for any black. "Let's skip that one," he commented. "We don't want UN ambassador." He had said "two Cabinet posts." He meant it the way he said it again—"two *full* Cabinet posts." They didn't have to settle for a token like the UN, he advised; they couldn't risk trading real power for a title, he warned.

Six weeks later, Young was standing in Plains with the title in front of his name, the token in his hands. For those who had heard him at the O'Hare Hilton, "it was too ironic for tears but it hurt too much to laugh," one of them recalls. What hurt most was the premonition that Young might be co-opted. "There's a lot of anxiety," a House member judged of his colleagues' mood. "Andy was the only black man, maybe the only man of any color in the Congress, who could pick up the phone and call Carter to account." Perhaps he could do it from within. But Julian Bond, Young's fellow Georgian and veteran of the civil rights struggle, expressed the quiet fear of many: "It's inevitable that Andy will be Stevensonized."

Privately Young self-defended that he wasn't losing independence, but gaining influence, especially where it counted—on African policy. Corporate interests had lobbied long and well for American tolerance of South Africa's racism; as both UN Ambassador and presidential friend, he could counter their clout. "It's a bit of dreaming," commented one congressional black, "but if anybody can do it, Andy can."

During the O'Hare meeting, Young had conveyed a specific Carter request—that the black leaders recommend Barbara Jordan for Attorney General. The president- (just) elect had also singled her out for an election night phone call. He was grateful for her help. They would get together soon to discuss the future. He called back in late November and asked her to meet with him on Thursday, December 9. Jordan's administrative assistant Bud Myers is reticent about the rest of it: "We don't want to be vindictive about what happened. We'll let other people take the shots. We'll just sit here and support the Carter administration—while we can." All Myers, or Jordan, will concede for quotation is that the meeting was a non-event, "a general talk about priorities and the state of the country. No specific post was offered at any time."

But a black politician who saw Jordan later reports that the encounter was not quite so casual—that, in fact, Carter told her he was thinking of her for HEW. She answered that "she didn't want a typically black job," that there shouldn't be "a ghetto" of stereotyped jobs for blacks in the Cabinet. Apparently missing her point, Carter renewed his HEW thought. With all the deliberate speed of her calm, drumroll voice, which keynoted the Democratic convention, Jordan replied: "Governor, you and I have nothing to talk about." (Except, of

Fellow Georgians: Andrew Young accepts Carter's appointment to the United Nations

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON SHERMAN/NANCY PALMER AGENCY

course, priorities and the state of the country.)

Bud Myers hints confirmation of this account: "She wouldn't have accepted HUD or HEW. Carter could have figured that out from her statements to the press. She would only take a position consistent with her background." What did that mean? "She probably would have accepted Attorney General."

Later, reports circulated through Washington that Jordan had to be bypassed because of financial conflicts or political scandals. Carter called to reassure her that he and his staff had nothing to do with the stories. She appreciated that, she form-answered by the rules of political politeness. But Myers now says: "We know that unquestionably some of it came from Carter sources." The chairman of the Black Caucus, Congressman Parren Mitchell, says simply: "Someone did a knife job on Barbara Jordan."

A knife job may be all she got because Attorney General was all she would take. Her brusqueness about other possibilities apparently offended Carter; according to one of those sources leaking on her, "He couldn't stand her and ruled her out instantly." But Attorney General was impossible anyway: Jimmy Carter was already changing his mind even as Andy Young was telling the O'Hare meeting to push Jordan for the post. Carter the candidate had spoken of an independent Justice Department outside politics. But his closest adviser, Atlanta lawyer Charles Kirbo, now warned the President-elect that the ideal could be carried too far. He gave Carter essentially the same guidance John Kennedy got from his very realistic father. A Kennedy intimate paraphrases Joseph Kennedy's counsel to his son, the president-elect of 1960: I know that you will select your own Cabinet and I won't try to tell you what to do. Except for Attorney General. An Attorney General can hurt you badly, more than any other Cabinet member. He can investigate or indict anyone. And there's only one person you can trust in a job like that—Bobby.

Jimmy could hardly appoint Billy. But he did discuss appointing Kirbo. That was nearly as secure a choice as a blood relative: for years, Kirbo had been a second father, an older brother to Carter. But Kirbo was reluctant, partly because he wanted to continue his lucrative law practice, partly because he might be too controversial. He did have a recommendation, though: his partner Griffin Bell, a retired federal judge, the mutual friend who first introduced Carter and Kirbo to each other.

Charles Kirbo had another reason for his preference. Last fall, he spent two hours with a prominent Washington attorney detailing why "the Warren Court was a disaster," how "it did more damage than any other in history." Bell suited Kirbo's ideology, but he didn't press that argument on Carter. "Jimmy doesn't know much about legal issues," a liberal insider apologizes. Bell was very trustworthy, and he had the requisite credentials, and for Carter that was both necessary and enough.

All the while the Bell appointment was in the works, blacks continued to assume the Attorney General might be one of their own. If not Barbara Jordan, the transition team told them, then maybe federal judge Leon Higginbotham. And if not a black, then surely a white like John Doar, a Kennedy Justice Department lieutenant in the civil rights battles of the 1960s and later counsel to the Nixon impeachment proceeding. Indeed, CBS reported at one point that Doar would be Carter's choice. "We were

Joe Kennedy had warned JFK that there was only one person he could trust as Attorney General. But Jimmy could hardly appoint Billy

lulled into a false security," says NAACP general counsel Nate Jones. He was stunned when a reporter called him for a reaction to the Bell rumor. The name had surfaced as early as April in the Carter camp, but as Jones remembers it, "There were always disclaimers from the transition staff that he wasn't in the picture."

Now Jones phoned Margaret McKenna, on Carter's Justice Department transition staff. "It's not true," she sought to reassure him. He said he was pretty sure it was Bell. "It couldn't be," she persisted, "not after the memorandum we sent to Plains about him."

Conferring with Bell in Atlanta after the official announcement, McKenna's impression was that he had known far in advance. Parren Mitchell derides the selection process as "a charade. I have to raise serious questions whether the other names were ever seriously considered."

But it was the man himself even more than the manner of his selection that disturbed blacks and liberals. Civil rights lawyer Joe Rauh was outspoken: "Bell believes in the 14th Amendment when it doesn't matter. When it really counted, school desegration or the Bond case, he was on the wrong side." In that case, Bell decided that the Georgia legislature could deny Julian Bond his seat as a state representative on account of his antiwar activities. But when civil liberties came down on the other side of the Vietnam issue, Bell invoked them to justify reversing William Calley's My Lai massacre conviction. (In both cases, the Supreme Court repudiated the Bell view.)

As Rauh concedes, cases can be picked and chosen to lighten or darken a judicial record. But talking with those who are most familiar with the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, one hears from all of them a variation of a former law clerk's verdict: "Bell was the leader of the Court's conservative and anti-civil-rights bloc." Black Atlanta lawyer Bernard Parks told friends about a conversation with Fifth Circuit Judge Elbert Tuttle. "I served on the bench with Bell and he's not fit to be Attorney General," was how Parks remembered Tuttle's dismay. (Parks now denies that he has talked with Tuttle "since the nomination, but I do from time to time. He wouldn't criticize a colleague publicly. Tuttle likes Bell personally. But whether Bell's fit to be Attorney General, he would have real questions. They were always on opposite sides on issues like civil rights and consumer protection.")

Another former Fifth Circuit clerk has two dominant memories of Bell: "All he ever talked about was hunting and he has a brutal record on race." The clerk points to "a typical Bell opinion, cleverly half right, but all wrong." When a three-judge panel heard *Morrow v. Crisler* in 1973, Bell agreed that the Mississippi Highway Patrol was guilty of biased hiring practices. The conclusion was inescapable: no black had ever been in the patrol. But Bell also voted against ordering an affirmative action plan to remedy the discrimination.

The cases were on the record, but blacks and liberals didn't have to analyze cases to anguish over Bell. They only had to read the newspaper stories. About one, then two, then three whites- or gentiles-only clubs (which Bell quit under pressure, after first worrying publicly about the loss of a $10,000 initiation fee). About his letter recommending G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court. About his alibi that he had written it before the exposure of Carswell's "white supremacy" speech. About his admission that the alibi was a lie. A Congres-

sional Black Caucus official added the stories up: "OK, so maybe Bell's not a hard-core Carswell, just another Haynesworth."

The pressure intensified on Carter to offer at least one black a "full Cabinet position," a more substantial place than the not so consoling prize of the UN. After Bell, many blacks actually might break with the new administration over the issue. And the demand of another minority group—the majority of whom are women—had to be met simultaneously. Already the Cabinet was nearly finished and the women were pressing Carter. They wanted more than their usual token of one Cabinet secretary. Even Ford had one; Carter, who had picked Juanita Kreps for Commerce, had to have at least two.

Thus a black woman had to be selected for HUD or HEW. Barbara Jordan wouldn't go to that "ghetto" and now Carter didn't want her anyway. So he got Patricia Roberts Harris, a black partner in a prestigious Washington law firm. And again, as in the case of Young and the UN, blacks were accepting rather than enthusiastic. The problem was not that Harris knew little about housing: "She's bright and a fast learner," one of her white law partners told a Black Caucus member who checked with him. But the fact that the black was checking her out with the white symbolized what the problem was. Though the caucus had recommended Harris along with hundreds of other names to Carter, "I wouldn't kid myself that she represents us—or women," remarked a black Democratic leader from New York.

The President-elect, having to satisfy two criteria with one person, had fulfilled a third: Harris is black and female—and, in the phrase of Joe Rauh, "very much a part of the establishment." One activist recalls an argument he had with her about black protests. "You can accomplish a lot more in an IBM board meeting," she told him, "than demonstrating in the streets."

"You wouldn't be on the board of IBM," he answered, "if it weren't for the people in the streets."

In the end, the making of the Cabinet shifted the black approach toward Carter from one of trust to one of tactics. Blacks have learned the lesson of overconfidence the hard way, Congressman Parren Mitchell says: "We aren't going to just send in stuff and wait around anymore—we're going to push." Ironically and appropriately, their place to stand so that their leverage may move the Carter world is the Bell nomination. Mitchell threatened "all out war" against it, but no one actually thinks the heavily Democratic Senate will refuse to confirm the Cabinet choices of a new Democratic president. "If Nixon had picked Bell, there might have been an outcry," admits a member of the Judiciary Committee. But the hearings on Bell can be easier or harder, more or less painful for him and for Carter, depending on the nature of the sub-Cabinet and agency appointments.

They got that message fast in Plains and Atlanta. Initially Bell had groused to a junior partner in his firm that he didn't like "the people the transition force is recommending: I want pragmatists, not intellectuals or academic types." But soon, he was asking Edward Kennedy to recommend Justice Department choices that would mollify the liberals. A Kennedy aide told Harvard Law professor Paul Freund that Bell especially wanted the names of blacks and women—and the request was not *pro forma*.

FRANK FISHER/GAMMA-LIAISON

Still in Congress: Many blacks had hoped Barbara Jordan would be appointed Attorney General; Carter, however, had other ideas.

Yet Carter's credibility with blacks has been undermined to a degree that goes deeper than the skin color of all his future appointments. Nate Jones says: "I don't care how many blacks Bell has. In a crunch, it's his decision that will count." He adds: "The NAACP is concerned primarily with policy. A close look will be taken even at the blacks he picks." Nor is this skepticism confined to Justice Department matters. For example, blacks are troubled by new Budget Director Bert Lance's ruminations that full employment is impractical for most of the next four years. "He sounds like Ford," a black mayor complains. Parren Mitchell warns: "We're going to look closely at programmatic content everywhere."

The spirit of the O'Hare Hilton has become the ghost of November past. Few blacks are ready to be as hostile publicly as many are anonymously or among themselves. But their reserve is a matter of calculation, not an act of continuing faith. "The ones who want to go to the administration," a liberal union official comments, "are shutting up." Julian Bond quotes a friend's more colorful verdict: "There are hogs still standing at the trough waiting for the slop to be thrown in." Then there are the elected officials and major civil rights leaders whose caution is group-interested. "We don't want to piss Carter off," says a Black Caucus member excusing his on-the-record reticence. "We still want those jobs for blacks."

So apparently does UN Ambassador Young, of whom it seemed too true too soon that Andy was becoming Adlai, as he rushed to the defense of Griffin Bell, recycling the same entreaty he once made for Carter—that a converted Southerner was better than a northern liberal. A black Democratic National Committee member called it "bullshit. He's having to use that one too often." But Parren Mitchell "wasn't surprised. Andy's a member of the team now." And Mitchell interprets Young's team playing along as part of the new and basic black strategy for the Carter appointments game: "Andy takes a philosophical view, he looks long range. He hopes Carter will make up for Bell with more blacks and minorities."

Andrew Young—with Carter and the blacks, it somehow always comes back to him, maybe to that afternoon in 1970 when Young was shaking hands at a shopping center outside Atlanta. It was his first try for Congress. A car pulled into the shopping center parking lot and a Democratic candidate for governor emerged wearing a toothy grin then familiar only to Georgians and a few Navy veterans. Jimmy Carter handshook his way along at Young's side. Later one of Young's aides observed that it was nice of Jimmy to help out, but he didn't much care for the man: Carter had run a racist campaign. "No," Young replied, "the man is better than that. Much better."

The Atlantan who retold that story after the Bell appointment and the black disappointments paused, and then added: "I hope Andy was—and is—right." ●

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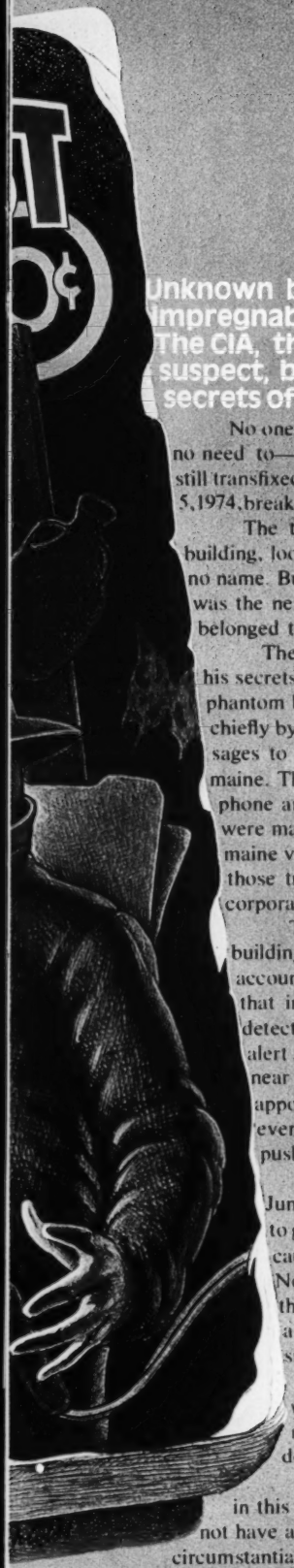

By Michael Drosnin

Unknown burglars stage a daring break-in at the billionaire's supposedly impregnable headquarters. They escape with thousands of his private papers. The CIA, the Mafia, the White House and the Hughes organization itself are all suspect, but only an ex-used car salesman stands accused. Who has the stolen secrets of the world's most secretive man?

No one called it a third-rate burglary. There was no need to—no one got caught. Besides, a nation still transfixed by Watergate hardly noticed the June 5, 1974, break-in at 7000 Romaine Street in Hollywood.

The target, a hulking block-long two story building, looks like an abandoned warehouse. It has no name. But for a quarter century 7000 Romaine was the nerve center of a vast secret empire. It belonged to Howard Hughes.

The burglars were not after his money, but his secrets. For the last ten years of his life, the phantom billionaire communicated with his staff chiefly by handwritten memos; virtually all messages to and from Hughes passed through Romaine. The Romaine switchboard was his telephone answering service; verbatim transcripts were made of all incoming calls. And the Romaine vaults safeguarded all those memos, all those transcripts, all of Hughes' personal and corporate files.

The fortress-like steel and concrete building was said to be impregnable. Published accounts detailed a fail-safe security system that included laser-beam surveillance, X-ray detection devices and electronic alarms to alert a private army before anyone could get near the burglar-proof safes. Entry was by appointment only, and few outsiders were ever allowed through the four-combination, push-button-lock doors.

But in the early morning hours of June 5, 1974, persons unknown managed to get in uninvited. No alarms blared, because there was no working alarm system. No private army opened fire, because there was no private army. Romaine was a Hollywood facade, protected only by a single unarmed security guard.

Before dawn, the burglars escaped with thousands of Howard Hughes' most private papers. None of the secret documents has ever been recovered.

There is virtually no powerful force in this country, indeed in the world, that would not have an interest in the missing files. There is circumstantial evidence to suggest that the CIA, the Mafia, even the White House was involved in the break-in. There is still stronger evidence suggesting Hughes "stole" his own files to safeguard them from subpoena.

But after more than two years of investigation marked by apparent ineptness and smelling of a cover-up, the police have settled on an unlikely suspect.

A farmer who once sold used cars will soon be brought to trial, charged with a failed attempt to ransom back the stolen documents for $1 million. He is known to police as a petty thief. But no one knows if he still has, or indeed ever really had, the Hughes papers. And as his trial is about to begin, the police remain baffled as to who staged the break-in, who commissioned it, or precisely what the unknown burglars carted away. Moreover, there are indications that the lone defendant may have undisclosed ties with the Mafia, the CIA and the Hughes organization itself.

The mystery comes full circle: Who has the secret papers of the world's most secretive man?

It all began at about 12:45 a.m. Mike Davis, the lone security guard on duty the night of the break-in, said he had just completed his rounds outside the building. "As I opened a side door, someone came from behind and jammed a hard object into my back," he recalls. "I never actually saw a gun; I just assumed they were armed. I knew I wasn't."

"Let's go, we're going in," the burglars ordered Davis, pushing him ahead of them. They told the guard to lay face down on the floor. Blindfolded and gagged, his wrists taped cross-handed, Davis says he saw nothing but thought he heard four men. They wheeled in a two-tank acetylene torch on a clattering steel dolly and sent a lookout upstairs where the only other person in the building was manning the switchboard in a soundproof room. He didn't hear a thing. "If the doors are open, you can hear a pin drop," explained Harry Watson. "If they're closed, you could drop a bomb and I wouldn't hear it. That night, my doors were closed and I wouldn't have heard a tank come through."

The burglars took their time, moving through the maze of offices in the sprawling building as if they had a treasure map. According to Davis, they first led him straight to Kay Glenn's office. Glenn was then managing director of Romaine and chief assistant to Frank W. Gay, one of three top executives who runs the Hughes empire through its holding company, Summa Corp. There the burglars laid a four-drawer filing cabinet on its back and peeled open a fire safe in the top drawer, removing $50,000 in cash, $3,000 in bonds and unidentified documents.

At the same time, Davis says he heard the pop and

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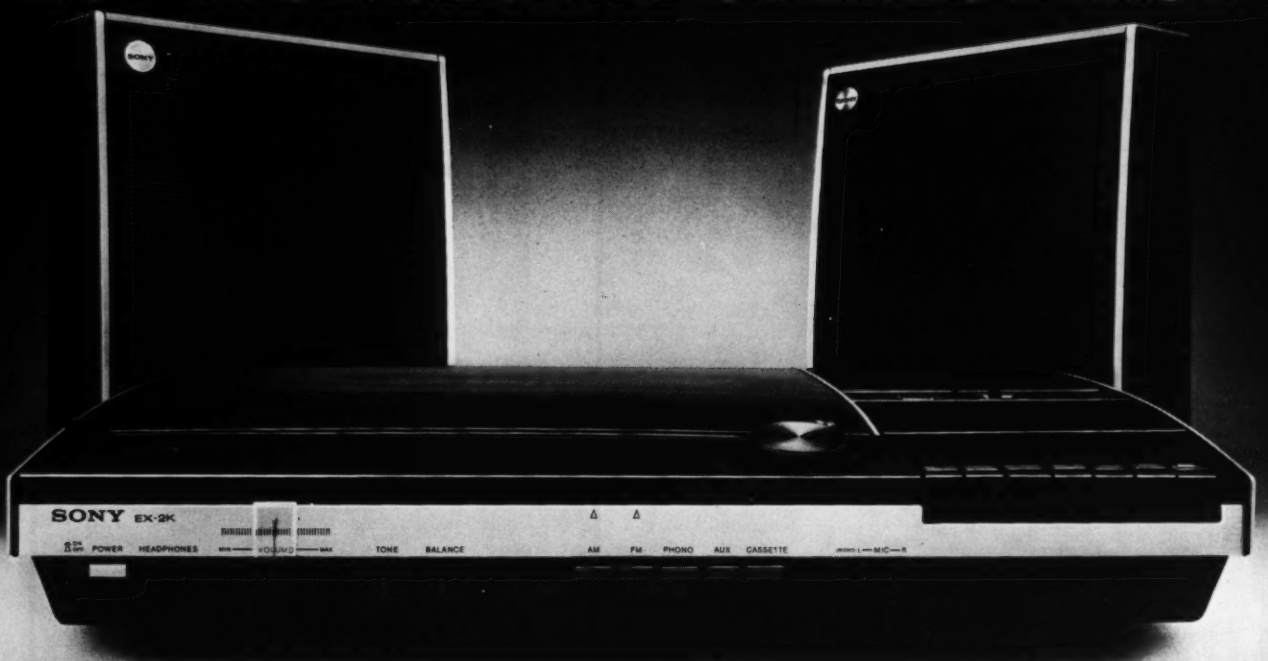

THE EX SERIES "IT'S A SONY."

crackle of a blowtorch. Directly across the hall, the safecrackers burned a gaping hole through the steel doors of a Mosler walk-in vault. "Looky here, this is it!" the guard heard one exclaim.

Before they were finished, the burglars had torched another large safe, pried open three smaller ones, and ransacked several offices, including that of Nadine Henley, Hughes' long-time personal secretary who had become a member of Summa's ruling triumvirate. In a second-floor conference room, they scooped up files that were being consolidated for a $17 million slander suit lodged against Hughes by the ex-caretaker of his Las Vegas holdings, Robert Maheu. Davis said he could hear the burglars say, "Take this, not those—yeah, those are the good ones," as they dropped folder after confidential folder into cardboard boxes.

Almost four hours after they had arrived, the burglars trussed Davis with surgical tape and left him lying on a couch in a basement furniture warehouse. Then they urinated on the floor. And having looted and defiled the sacred Hughes sanctuary, they vanished.

Mike Davis did not leap up after them. "If I could have freed my arms and legs and pulled the blindfold off and jumped one of them for the sake of Hughes, I wouldn't have done it," the guard later explained. "I knew the security at Romaine was lousy, and I tried to tell all the top people, but no one seemed to care. And I was only getting crumbs, while they were getting a whole loaf of his bread."

So, as ordered, Davis lay still on the couch. About half an hour after the burglars had escaped, he loosened his bonds and hobbled back up to Kay Glenn's office. There he phoned upstairs to the oblivious switchboard operator, Harry Watson, who called the police.

Detectives combed the cavernous building without finding a solid clue. There were no identifiable fingerprints, the abandoned acetylene tanks could not be traced and no one in the nearly deserted industrial district had seen the burglars. One of the cops who surveyed the scene was later quoted as saying, "They knocked off Romaine like it was a corner delicatessen."

The police revealed that only $68,000—mostly in $100 bills—had been taken. The Hughes organization, of course, said nothing. In fact, taking immediate control of the case, Summa dispatched a representative to police headquarters to censor all announcements. So there was no public mention of the other missing items, but in a bulletin sent to law enforcement agencies the Los Angeles Police Department also listed as stolen a bizarre grab bag, including two large Wedgwood vases, a ceramic samovar, an antique wooden Mongolian eating bowl and Nadine Henley's butterfly collection.

No one was told about the solid gold medallion found in a basement trash bin, where it had been inexplicably discarded by the burglars.

And not a word was said about the big secret of the break-in—the secret papers of Howard Hughes had disappeared.

Both the timing of the break-in and the ease with which it was accomplished raised immediate questions about the Great Hughes Heist. The burglars were not the only ones after the billionaire's files.

Just three days before the break-in, the Securities and Exchange Commission had subpoenaed all the documents at Romaine relating to Hughes' 1969 takeover of Air West. Nothing more directly threatened the billionaire.

"They knocked off Romaine like it was a corner delicatessen," said one of the cops who surveyed the scene

Hughes himself and two of his top aides had been indicted for conspiring to manipulate the airline's stock, defrauding shareholders of $15 million. President Nixon, his confidante Bebe Rebozo and his brother Donald had all been implicated in the deal, and the billionaire faced a possible five years in jail.

Just six days before the break-in, a federal judge had ordered Hughes to surrender 500 handwritten memos demanded by Robert Maheu, deposed chief of his Nevada empire. Ousted in a 1970 palace coup, Maheu was suing his ex-boss for slander. (Hughes, in denouncing Clifford Irving's autobiography as a hoax, had also remarked, "Maheu stole me blind.") The bitterly fought legal battle had already produced allegations of Hughes-CIA skullduggery, massive secret payoffs to Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey, and a proposed $1 million bribe to former President Johnson. Maheu claimed the subpoenaed memos would confirm all his charges.

Meanwhile, both the Senate Watergate Committee and the Watergate Special Prosecutor were probing a concealed $100,000 "contribution" from Hughes to Nixon by way of Rebozo. There was substantial evidence that the cash not only bought the president's approval of the Air West acquisition, but also won Attorney General Mitchell's go-ahead on Las Vegas hotel purchases that violated antitrust guidelines.

In fact, senate investigators believed that the Hughes connection triggered Watergate. It all began, they theorized, with Nixon's fears that Democratic Chairman Larry O'Brien had learned of the Rebozo payoff—and perhaps a great deal more—while employed as the billionaire's Washington lobbyist. The committee demanded that Hughes appear in person to give testimony, and the special prosecutor issued almost 200 subpoenas.

And shortly before the Romaine break-in, Watergate Committee staffers got the first official hint that Maheu, while still working for Hughes, had orchestrated a CIA-sponsored plot to assassinate Fidel Castro with the help of two leading Mafiosi. It was the spy agency's dirtiest secret, and Maheu had revealed it to Hughes in a phone call that was probably transcribed and stored at Romaine.

The Castro-plot investigation fizzled, only to become public at the height of the CIA scandals a year later. But the other Hughes probes were coming to a head when Romaine was looted and the secret papers vanished.

"If you go on the theory that someone wanted to find out what Hughes knew, or wanted to make sure no one else found out, everyone but the Loch Ness monster was suspect," commented a detective assigned to the case.

Adding to the mystery, the Romaine heist was the sixth unsolved burglary of a Hughes office in just four months. In February 1974 there was a break-in at the billionaire's Las Vegas headquarters. No documents were reported taken, although police found filing cabinets rifled, desks ransacked and papers strewn on the floor. In March burglars struck another Hughes office in Las Vegas. In April his building in Encino, a Los Angeles suburb, was entered through the roof. A voice scrambler was stolen, but again no files were reported missing. At about the same time, the New York law offices of Chester Davis, Hughes' long-time chief counsel, were burglarized. And in Washington there was a break-in at Mullen & Co., a public relations firm owned by Hughes lobbyist Robert F. Bennett, who also fronted for the CIA and employed E. Howard Hunt. File drawers were left open, but once more no papers were reported taken.

It was against this background that police began to investigate the new heist at 7000 Romaine. In a follow-up report written several weeks after the break-in, LAPD detectives noted some curious aspects of the bizarre case:

- "The building is taped and wired for an electrical alarm system, but it had not been operative for one year. Without knowledge of this fact, it appears the alarm is operative."
- "The physical layout of this building and the type of material kept in each office is not general knowledge, even within the organization."
- "Although only one large Mosler walk-in vault was torched, there are 18 additional vaults on the same floor which were not attacked."
- "Three of the offices in the building were entered with keys. One of the most important was that of Kay Glenn. Investigating officers tried to shim this door and others and found it was not possible."

Even more troubling were the results of polygraph examinations administered to Hughes employees. Mike Davis, the lone security guard on duty the night of the break-in, refused to take a lie-detector test. "I just don't believe in it," he explained. "A man should be trusted on his word." Davis was fired. The only witness to the burglary was now himself a suspect.

And Vince Kelley, the Hughes organization's Los Angeles security chief, failed his polygraph test. He "displayed guilty knowledge to all four examiners who reviewed the tape," according to the police report. To make matters worse, Kelley, himself a former LAPD detective, had been responsible for installing a new burglar alarm at Romaine. It was not completed until months after the break-in. Yet Kelley was not dismissed; he is still employed in the same position today.

The LAPD report concluded that "someone within the corporation set up or supplied information for this burglary." The conclusion seemed both obvious and inevitable—the Great Hughes Heist had been an "inside job."

All that was forgotten, however, when a man calling himself "Chester Brooks" phoned Romaine ten days after the break-in. He asked to speak to Kay Glenn, Nadine Henley or Chester Davis. Attorney Davis was contacted, but said he didn't know a Mr. Brooks.

Two days later, Chester Brooks called back. This time he added, "It is about the burglary and it is urgent." And he offered convincing proof. He invited the Hughes executives to take a look at the white envelope on the green trash can under the tree in the park across the street from their Encino office.

Nadine Henley looked out her window and spotted the envelope. Fearing a booby trap, she called the police bomb squad, which retrieved the package. It was definitely explosive. Inside was a memo in Hughes' handwriting on a sheet of yellow, legal-pad paper. Addressed to Robert Maheu, the June 6, 1969, memo read:

Bob—

I would be ecstatic at the prospect of purchasing Parvin in the same manner as Air West. Do you think this really could be accomplished? I just assumed that the cries of monopoly would rule it out.

If this really could be accomplished, I think it would be a ten strike and might change all of my plans.

Please reply. Most urgent,

Howard

"If you go on the theory that someone wanted to find out what Hughes knew, or wanted to make sure no one else found out, everyone but the Loch Ness monster was suspect," said one detective

The document not only established Chester Brooks' credentials—thus providing the first lead to the missing secret papers—but raised incredible questions itself. Hughes and two of his top aides were at that very moment under criminal investigation in the Air West case. And here the billionaire was suggesting that Parvin-Dohrmann, then a known mob front, be acquired "in the same manner as Air West." Parvin owned several Las Vegas casinos, and Hughes clearly hoped to bypass federal antitrust orders by using it as a vehicle to increase his own Nevada holdings.

Maheu says he was unable to arrange the purchase, although he met with Parvin chairman Delbert Coleman and "possibly" also with the man who actually dominated the conglomerate, Sidney Korshak. A Beverly Hills attorney, Korshak is known to the Justice Department as one of this country's half-dozen most powerful organized-crime leaders. Hughes had dealt with him before, and Korshak's name was to surface again in the Romaine break-in saga.

But, for the moment, it was the mysterious Chester Brooks who held center stage. He had instructed the Hughes executives to signal their interest by placing a classified ad in the *Los Angeles Times* with the message APEX-OK and a telephone number written backwards. It was done. Three days later he called again and spoke to Nadine Henley.

In a conversation recorded by the police, Brooks first assured Henley that "this is not part of any conspiracy through the Maheu people" and claimed that "there was quite a bit more money that was said to be taken than actually was." He advised her to alert Hughes to the possibility that "he's got some people in his own company who dabbled somewhat." And then he got down to business.

"The total price we're interested in procuring is $1 million," said Brooks. "We want it in two separate drops. The first one of which will be $500,000 for half of the documents. The second one will follow in a three-day period." He concluded the ransom demand with a warning: "If there is at any time any breach of trust, the negotiations will stop at once."

As arranged, Brooks called back the next day for Henley's answer. She was not there. "All righty," said Chester, and hung up. He never called again.

While Hughes officials waited in vain for Brooks to renew the ransom talks, a mysterious ship called the *Glomar Explorer* moved into position 750 miles northwest of Hawaii. The *Glomar* was known to the world as a futuristic deep-sea mining vessel that Hughes had built to scoop up the oceans' vast untapped mineral wealth.

Kay Glenn knew better. The purported mining venture was simply a cover. The $550 million ship actually belonged not to Hughes, but the CIA. Only a handful of people knew that, and Glenn had just discovered something none of them knew.

A document outlining the *Glomar*'s top secret mission was missing. It was apparently now in the hands of the unknown burglars who had looted Romaine six weeks earlier. The security breach could not have come at a more sensitive time. If the story that eventually leaked publicly is true, the *Glomar* was at that very moment reaching a giant claw three miles underwater to recover a sunken Russian submarine from the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

Glenn called CIA Director Will-

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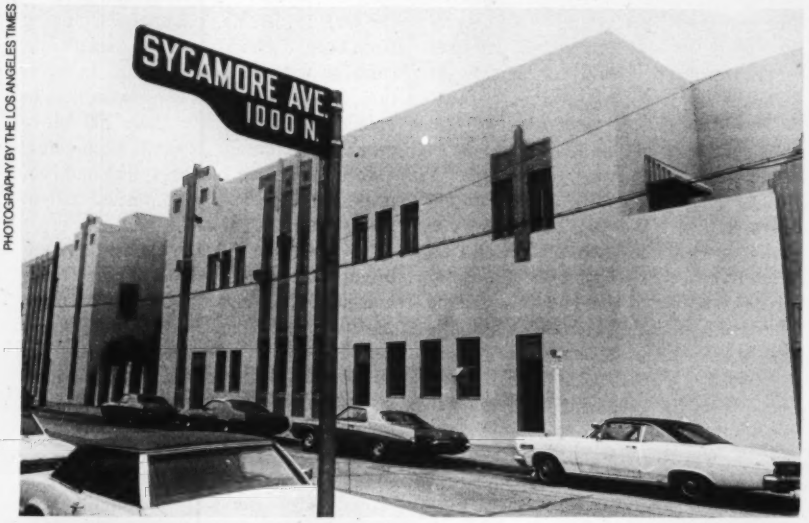

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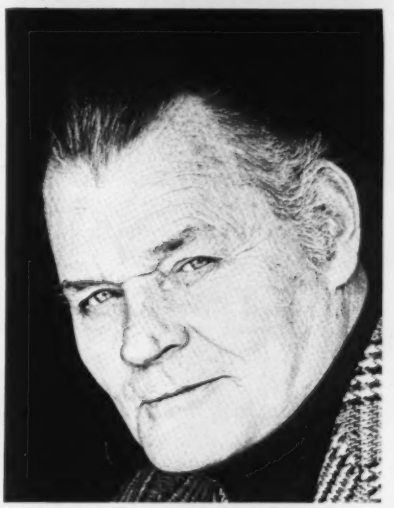


Cast of characters (clockwise): The scene of the crime, Hughes' Romaine Street headquarters; Donald Woolbright, the accused Romaine bag man; Leo Gordon, who fingered him; Maynard Davis, a Los Angeles attorney who claims Woolbright showed him one stolen document; Sidney Korshak, a reputed organized crime figure, whom Davis calls "Uncle Sidney"

iam Colby to give him the dire news. "Obviously it caused some concern," deadpans Colby, who immediately contacted FBI Director Clarence Kelley. Kelley called William Sullivan, head of the bureau's Los Angeles office. And Sullivan went directly to LAPD headquarters to confer with Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis.

When Sullivan emerged from his secret meeting with Chief Davis, he went downstairs to brief the detectives who were handling the Romaine investigation. He told them that "national security" was involved. He did not mention the *Glomar* or the Russian sub. But he did instruct the policemen not to look at the stolen Hughes papers if they recovered them. "We were supposed to close our eyes, seal the documents in a pouch and deliver them unread to the FBI," says one detective who was at the meeting. "That's actually what they told us. I don't know how we were expected to find the stuff with our eyes closed."

Romaine was no longer a local police case. While lower-level officers were left to stumble about blindly, CIA general counsel John Warner conferred secretly with Chief Davis and L.A. District Attorney Joseph Busch. "It's clear that Busch and Davis believed they were really doing something big for national security," recalls one law enforcement official. "But for the guys actually handling the investigation it was a disaster. Nobody knew what was up. The Hughes people were so goddamn mysterious, we couldn't get a thing out of them, then the FBI steps in and starts playing cat and mouse—saying it's your case, but don't ask what's going on—and lurking behind everything there's the CIA."

Meanwhile, back in Washington, Colby briefed President Nixon about the break-in. It must have been an odd meeting. In less than a month Nixon would be forced out of office, and just days before the *Glomar* memo was reported missing the FBI had suggested a Watergate link to the Romaine heist. An LAPD report log, dated July 5, 1974, records the message: "Received call from Karis, FBI—states home office in Washington interested; they feel Watergate is involved."

Special agent James G. Karis now claims not to remember that call, and FBI spokesmen deny there is any evidence of a Watergate-Romaine connection. But Nixon's dealings with Hughes were under heavy scrutiny at the time of the break-in, and it would not have been the first White House attempt to steal the

billionaire's embarrassing files. Howard Hunt has testified that he plotted with Summa security chief Ralph Winte to seize a stash of Hughes' memos from Las Vegas newspaper publisher Hank Greenspun, a plan approved by Attorney General Mitchell. And even if the FBI really had no evidence of tying Watergate to Romaine, the President had reason beyond the *Glomar* to worry about the Hughes heist—the missing secret papers might contain a whole brace of "smoking pistols."

Colby says he recalls no mention of Watergate in his meeting with Nixon. In fact, he claims not to remember much talk of Romaine. "Obviously it was a major difficulty, obviously I was responsible to the President and kept him advised as to what was going on, needed his approval of various things. I'm sure we discussed the potential exposure of the *Glomar* project. But I can't remember any particular discussion of this break-in. I'm just saying it would be quite normal for me to keep him advised of something like that."

If Nixon had more than the *Glomar* on his mind, Colby too had other worries. Not only was the Castro assassination plot threatening to break, but the Hughes organization also held more legitimate CIA contracts than any other corporate entity, had a virtual monopoly on highly classified spy satellites and provided cover for CIA agents working abroad. "Obviously we had other contracts with elements of the Hughes empire—research things and technology, and things like that—and to the extent that any of those. . . ." Colby's voice trailed off. "But I don't know what was stolen," he continued. "I'm not sure anybody knows precisely what was taken from that center. So I certainly can't say that any other project was compromised. I just don't know."

Only one thing was certain—the missing secret papers had to be recovered.

While the *Glomar* lowered its giant claw, and Colby huddled with Nixon, and the LAPD spread its dragnet, and the entire Hughes-CIA-FBI intelligence network went on red alert, Leo Gordon, a sometime actor and screenwriter, received a visitor at his suburban Sunland, Calif., home. He would later identify that visitor as Donald Ray Woolbright, a sometime used car salesman who had migrated to Los Angeles from St. Louis.

Their alleged mid-July meeting turned the Great Hughes Heist into an Upstairs-Downstairs melodrama, with Woolbright and Gordon playing the low-life subplot to the running saga of powerful men in desperate pursuit of great secrets. Before it was over, Woolbright would be indicted by a grand jury that heard Gordon as its star witness. The following account of their meeting is based on Gordon's sworn testimony.

"I don't know whether I should tell you this," Woolbright began hesitantly, pacing the actor's living room. "But I've been beating it around in my head for days, and I've been walking the walls with it. I have something that's very big and I don't know quite how to handle it."

The car salesman was agitated. He couldn't sit still.

"Who is the most important man you can think of in the world today?" he asked suddenly. It was not an idle question.

"Kissinger," replied Gordon.

"How about Howard Hughes?" suggested Woolbright. "What would you say if I told you I had two footlockers full of Howard Hughes' private papers?"

"You know, there really was no great arch conspiracy involved here," says Colby, adding, "*We* didn't do the break-in"

Gordon, who had seen newspaper accounts of the break-in, guessed that the documents must have come from Romaine. Woolbright, he claims, nodded a silent yes.

It was fitting that the Romaine mystery should take its next odd B-movie twist in Leo Gordon's living room. An aging Hollywood veteran, Gordon had played the second-level heavy in a long string of third-rate movies with titles like *The Restless Breed, Gun Fury, Kitten With a Whip* and, appropriately, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. His was one of those nameless leathery faces that's flickered through every TV action series from *Cannon* and *Mod Squad* to *Gunsmoke* and *The Untouchables*. As an actor, he almost always played the bad guy. His specialty was death scenes—spliced together they would run at least three hours.

Woolbright also had a tough-guy image. But his was not manufactured in Hollywood. A product of the north St. Louis slums, the car salesman had run up a hometown police record almost as long as Gordon's list of screen credits. He had 26 arrests, on charges ranging from burglary and fencing to assault and carrying a concealed weapon. In addition, he had been held for questioning in connection with more than 100 other crimes, including several homicides. Two of his three brothers also had records, and one had just finished a five-year stretch for robbing a bank.

But, for all his arrests, Woolbright himself had never done any time, and his only conviction was for a petty misdemeanor. Back in St. Louis, police called him a "nickle-and-dimer," a street punk with no real stature in the criminal community. And they could not believe that Woolbright was even remotely involved in the Hughes heist.

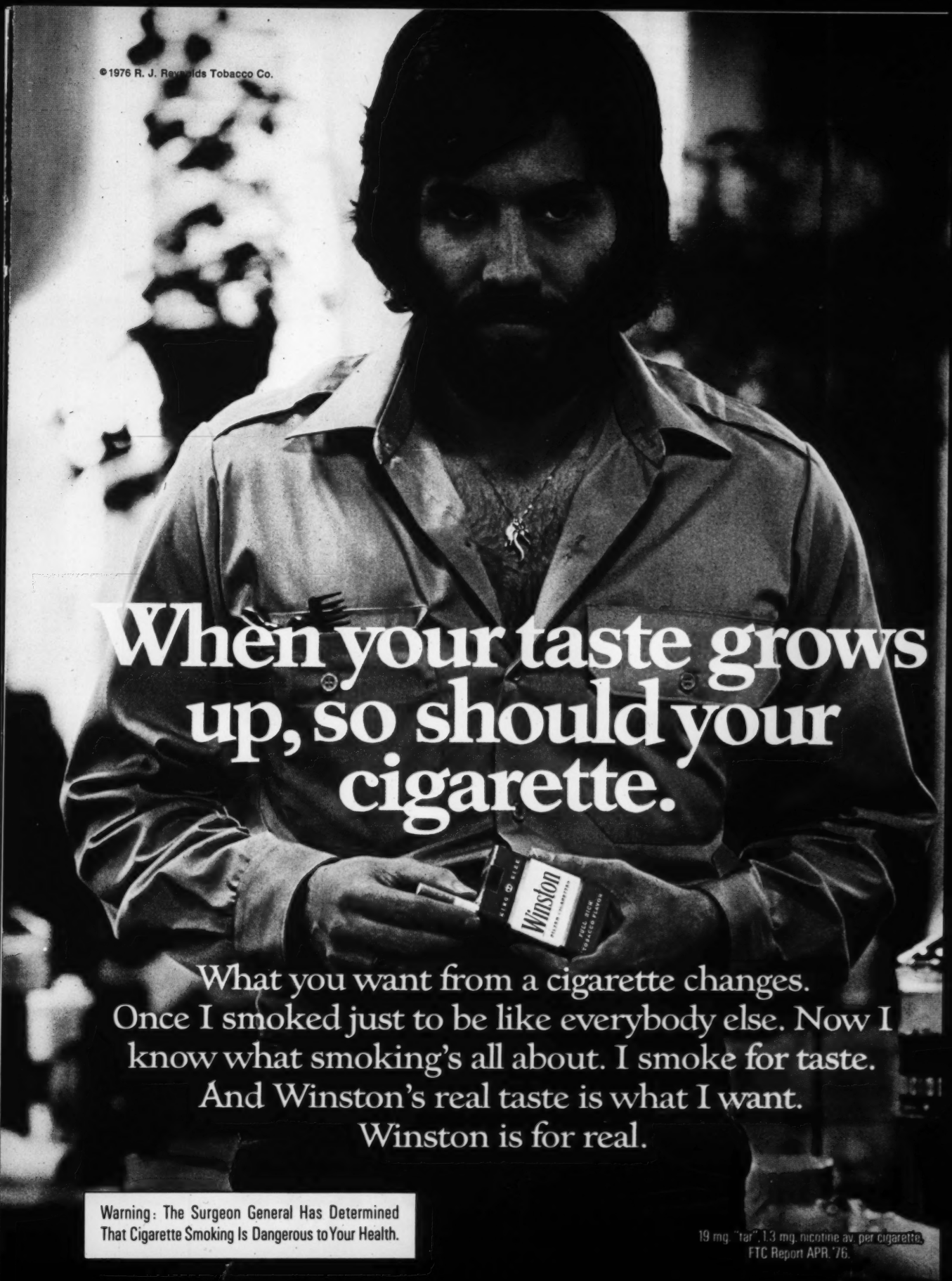
"If he did it," said one officer, "it would be the equivalent of a sandlot ballplayer going to the major leagues and hitting a home run in the World Series his first time at bat."

Then how did the used car salesman come to have the billionaire's secret papers, and why was he revealing that dangerous fact to Gordon, whom he had known for about a year, but only as a casual friend?

Woolbright, according to the actor, explained that the Romaine burglary had been done "on commission" by four men brought out from St. Louis. He refused to say who ordered the job or why they wanted Hughes' files, but did reveal that the stolen documents had been taken to Las Vegas, where "some were removed," and the balance returned to the burglars.

Insisting that he wasn't involved in the break-in, Woolbright supposedly claimed that he had been contacted by the burglar's intermediary, another St. Louis man named Bennie. And that "Bennie"—whom he had met at a friend's funeral two years earlier and never seen again—had asked him to be the "bag man" for ransoming back to Hughes what remained of the purloined papers.

It was, by Gordon's second-hand account of Woolbright's questionable tale, quite a haul. "There was stuff about political payoffs—Nixon, I think, and references to Hubert Humphrey as 'our boy Hubert,'" recalls the actor. "Files on Air West and TWA. A complete rundown on *everything* happening in Las Vegas, including an 80-page folder on Maheu alone. Something about money that was supposed to go to the LAPD or the Sheriff when Hughes died. And a hell of a lot about the CIA." And that wasn't all. Woolbright allegedly said he had time to read only a small fraction of the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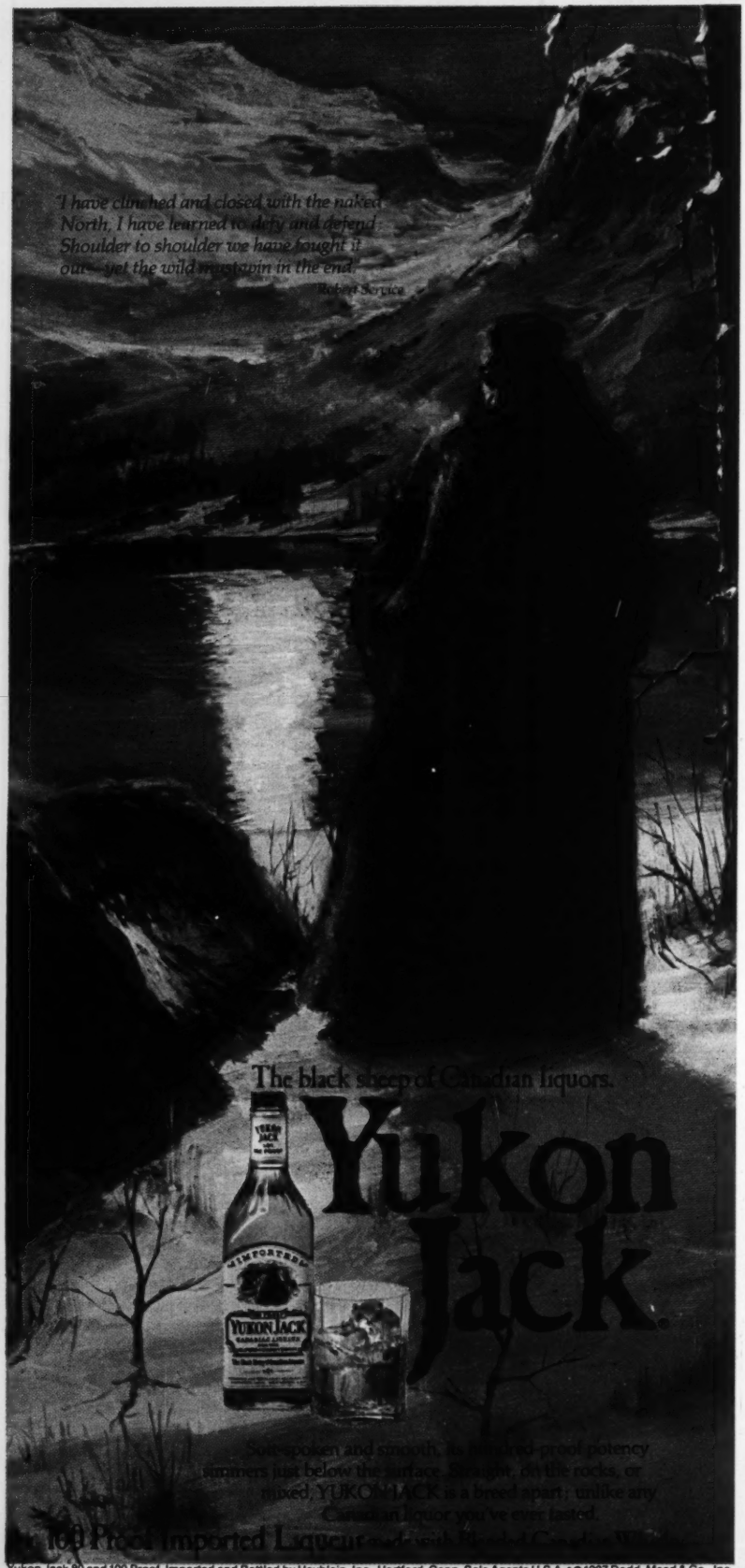
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several thousand papers—all of them handwritten by Hughes himself.

But the ransom attempt fell through when the burglars "smelled something funny," Woolbright continued, according to Gordon. The "bag man" was out of a job. Then he got to thinking about the Clifford Irving affair, and figured that if Irving wangled $750,000 for a bogus autobiography, the real goods, in Hughes' own handwriting, should be worth at least as much.

"That's why he came to see me," says Gordon. "He thought that because I'm a professional writer—probably the only one he knew—that I'd be able to help him peddle the papers."

Still, it seems that Gordon was a very odd choice. Although he often played the villain as an actor, Gordon was in fact quite close to the forces of law and order. A familiar figure around police headquarters, he had written more than 20 scripts for *Adam-12*, a TV series glorifying the derring-do of two fictional LAPD squad-car cops. The license plates on Gordon's own car read ADM-12, he had an honorary police badge and his best friend was an investigator for the District Attorney's Office.

Why would a bag man for the hottest burglars since Watergate risk spilling the beans to an ersatz cop? It made no sense. Nor did other aspects of Gordon's bizarre story. Why would the burglars entrust their valuable booty to Woolbright, a man their supposed contact had met only once? And if the job had indeed been done on commission, why would those who ordered the daring break-in risk exposure by letting their hired hands make private deals with any of the dangerous documents?

Yet Gordon's account cannot be dismissed as B-movie fantasy. New characters soon drawn into the drama confirm the Woolbright connection, although their own involvement adds further odd and finally sinister twists to the already incredible plot.

The day after their first encounter, Gordon says he took Woolbright to the Beverly Hills home of Joanna ("J.P.") Hayes, a Hollywood business manager in the Sue Mengers mold. (By coincidence, her movie producer husband's biggest hit, *Ice Station Zebra*, was Howard Hughes' favorite picture—he watched it more than 150 times.)

"Woolbright said he had a friend three times removed who had gotten hold of some Hughes documents," Hayes recalls. "I said, 'Tell your friend that Clifford Irving has screwed it up for the world.' I told him that nobody would touch the stuff even if it was authentic

and he could prove it. I mean the idea of those two clowns getting Howard Hughes' secret files from a friend three times removed—it was absurd." Hayes says she made two suggestions: drop the hot potato, or at least take it to an attorney.

Gordon chose Maynard Davis, a West Los Angeles lawyer he had heard was "well-connected." That proved to be an understatement.

Woolbright, according to both Davis and Gordon, produced a three-page memo handwritten on yellow legal-pad paper. "I just glanced at it and saw that the documents related to Hughes," claims the attorney. Gordon is more explicit. He says the memo was a 1968 letter from Hughes to the Atomic Energy Commission complaining about nuclear testing in Nevada.

Although he "assumed" the document was stolen from Romaine, Davis says he never asked Woolbright about the break-in and never alerted the police. Instead he placed a call to his "Uncle Sidney."

Sidney Korshak, according to law enforcement officials, is one of the most powerful organized crime leaders in the United States. "I've always called him Uncle Sidney," says Maynard Davis. "His brother Teddy married my mother's sister, and the Korshaks and the Davises have been family friends for over 60 years. Christ, there's a good possibility Sidney Korshak was at my *briss*."

Davis says he called Korshak to authenticate the Hughes memo because "Sid was involved with Hughes on that RKO deal." And it is true that in 1952 the billionaire sold RKO to a syndicate represented by Korshak. But the $7 million deal fell through after the *Wall Street Journal* revealed that several members of the syndicate had ties to known mobsters—leaving Hughes with RKO and a nonrefundable $1.25 million down payment, amid persistent rumors that the billionaire had himself leaked the story to the *Journal*.

Korshak had other reasons to dislike Hughes, and perhaps also to fear what he had in his files. In the late sixties, the mob attorney was forced out of his key position as "labor consultant" to the Nevada Resorts Association after Summa Corp. complained that Korshak's underworld ties were bad for Las Vegas' image. "The Hughes people said they did it with financial muscle, but I've always suspected they got the goods on him," says a former member of the Federal Organized Crime Strike Force in Las Vegas. "A man like Korshak is not easily pushed aside."

Davis says his Uncle Sidney was out of town when he called, and swears he never discussed the Hughes memo or the Romaine heist with him. But just days after Davis says he last met with Woolbright, the LAPD was told that Korshak may have played a role in the break-in. According to a later police report, Hughes security chief Ralph Winte said he had "received information that there were possibly two attorneys involved, Sidney Korshak and Morris Shenker . . . if a sale [of the stolen Hughes papers] was made, it would be through these attorneys." Reached at his Las Vegas office, Winte refused to elaborate, and police say they have no evidence to support the charge.

But Shenker, a St. Louis mob lawyer who once represented Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa, is mentioned elsewhere in the LAPD report. Quoting Missouri authorities, the report notes that "street talk still persists that Shenker was involved in the burglary, that he knew about it in advance, and was going to use the papers against Hughes."

"Nobody knew what was up," recalls one investigator. "The Hughes people were so mysterious, we couldn't get a thing out of them. Then the FBI steps in, and lurking behind everything there's the CIA"

Moreover, the missing documents are known to include material on Las Vegas, Gordon claims Woolbright said the papers were taken to Las Vegas where "some were removed," and both Korshak and Shenker have major interests in the gambling mecca. Both are tied to the scandal-ridden Teamster pension fund, which has made nearly $200 million in questionable loans to Nevada casinos, and both were named, along with the notorious Meyer Lansky, as "behind-the-scenes" directors of mob investments in Las Vegas by a major IRS study of hidden ownerships there.

Korshak declined comment, while Shenker denied that he was in any way involved, or knew anything about the burglary beyond what he read in newspaper accounts.

Gordon claims he chose Maynard Davis by chance, Woolbright denies allegations that he has ties to Shenker, and Davis insists, "If Korshak was involved, that's just an incredible coincidence."

Failing to reach his Uncle Sidney, Davis says he contacted Gregson Bautzer, a Beverly Hills lawyer who at one time was Hughes' personal attorney. Bautzer, according to Davis, agreed to identify the documents, but Woolbright balked at meeting him. "He just said, 'No way,' and that was it. I never saw him again."

Gordon says he and a dispirited Woolbright went to a nearby coffee shop. "Well, we tried our best shot and I guess we're too lightweight to handle it," the actor quotes the used car salesman as saying. "It's too big for us. I'll just have to give this stuff back to the people and forget it."

If Woolbright was dispirited, a large team of FBI agents and LAPD detectives was equally discouraged. They still knew nothing of his alleged story, and two months had passed since the burglary without a significant breakthrough. Meanwhile the *Glomar* was completing its top secret mission under the threat of sudden exposure. Finally, "Adam-12" Gordon tipped off the police.

When his news of the Woolbright connection flashed through law enforcement circles, the reaction was immediate and seemingly decisive. The FBI told the LAPD to have Gordon reestablish contact with Woolbright, and sent word to Chief Davis that there was $1 million in federal funds available to buy back Hughes' dangerous secrets. According to intelligence sources, the money came from the CIA director's Contingency Fund, a hidden $100 million stash kept for just such emergencies. Yet despite the trappings of high finance, what followed was low comedy.

On police orders, Gordon says he met with Woolbright at Denny's, an all-night restaurant near his home. But the actor had not been given any lines. His instructions were simply to renew contact; no one had told him what to say. Left to improvise, Gordon concocted an odd story. He says he told Woolbright that movie star Robert Mitchum would put up the money for the stolen documents. The meeting ended indecisively.

Detectives hurriedly arranged for Gordon to confer with federal officials, but hours before the scheduled meeting Woolbright called and suggested a second rendezvous. The Mitchum story had not gone over. "I don't buy it; you're not leveling with me," accused the car salesman, according to Gordon. "I said, 'All right, I'll level with you. The police are onto it. The feds are onto it. They know

about me, and they know about you, and all they're interested in right now is recovering those documents because national security is involved.' "

Woolbright, says Gordon, took the news quietly but issued a warning: "The people I'm dealing with are not the nicest people in the world. If this goes wrong, it might take a few years, but we'll pay the piper." According to Gordon, they then struck a deal: Woolbright would get one folder to verify he had the documents, then make arrangements to get the rest. But first he would need $5,000 front money. Gordon says he gave Woolbright all he had—$3,500. "He told me he was leaving immediately for Denver, then added, 'But my God, don't tell the police—if I show up with a tail I'm a dead man.' "

Later that evening, Gordon met for the first time with a government representative. The official said his name was "Don Castle," but he never showed any identification and refused to specify which federal agency he represented. "This 'Castle' was the original stone face," says Gordon. "He just sat back and listened and told me to get word to him through the cops when Woolbright called back."

The call came about two weeks later. Woolbright, according to Gordon, just said he was "still working on it." Gordon was taken for a second meeting with Castle at a North Hollywood Hotel. "Castle said, 'When this goes down I want a controlled situation,' but he didn't say what that meant," recalls the actor. "Then he laughed, and said, 'Well, maybe we'll get the right folder and solve this whole thing for three or four thousand dollars.' "

It was not to be. Gordon says he never saw or heard from Woolbright again. Nor did he ever have further contact with the mysterious Don Castle. "They dropped me like a hot potato after that last meeting," complains Gordon. "It was really strange. It was like I had the Hope diamond, and ZAP, all of a sudden it was glass."

Donald Woolbright had disappeared, allegedly with Leo Gordon's money and Howard Hughes' secret papers. All during the frantic manhunt, he had been living quite openly with his wife and son in Canoga Park, a Los Angeles suburb, and working at a North Hollywood auto agency. But in late August he quit his job, and on October 29—three months after Gordon first went to the police—Woolbright sold his home and left Los Angeles.

Why hadn't the police made any attempt to apprehend him before he moved? "We wanted the documents, not Woolbright," explains Sgt. Edward Cline, the detective then in charge of the Romaine investigation. Why didn't they try to find him after Operation Gordon fell through? "Ask the FBI," says Cline. "We don't have jurisdiction all over the United States; we can't be running around all over the place."

Why didn't the CIA, with its *Glomar* secret at stake, go after the alleged Romaine bag man? "We were very conscious of the fact that we are limited to foreign intelligence," says former CIA Director Colby. "This was a domestic matter, and we took it to the FBI. It was their business; it wasn't ours."

The FBI refused public comment on any aspect of the case, but told local law enforcement officials that it had an agent assigned full-time to finding Woolbright. "But nobody knew where he was; we didn't know how to find him," the FBI explained. "There was no way to get in touch with him. He just vanished."

Gordon claims Woolbright told him the contents of the secret files: "There was stuff about political payoffs—Nixon, I think, and references to Humphrey as 'our boy Hubert' "

Yet Woolbright had hardly gone into hiding. In fact, he left a trail two miles wide with neon arrows, almost as if beckoning someone to follow. Upon leaving Los Angeles, the former used car salesman says he went straight to his old hometown St. Louis and then bought a farm in Williamsville, a small rural outpost in southeastern Missouri. Neighbors there confirm that Woolbright arrived in November, 1974. He had a phone listed in his own name, and his father-in-law, Frank Spence, was a longtime resident of nearby Poplar Bluff, where he owned a gas station.

Moreover, the couple that bought Woolbright's Canoga Park home—Mr. and Mrs. James Breese—were making monthly payments to his bank in nearby Woodland Hills, which forwarded the money to his bank in Poplar Bluff. The Breeses say no one from the FBI or LAPD or CIA ever contacted them. Nor did the authorities learn that Woolbright shipped his furniture by commercial van directly from Los Angeles to his new home in Williamsville. And they also failed to discover that the jobless ex-car-salesman was receiving unemployment insurance from California in checks mailed each month to his new address.

"They had it that I slithered out of California in the still of the night, a man on the run with footlockers or duffle bags full of top-secret documents," complains Woolbright. "Meanwhile, I managed to move 11,000 pounds of furniture, to sell a home, to buy a farm, to travel here on a credit card. And here I am, sitting out on a farm drawing unemployment insurance from the state of California, and nobody can find me. Bullshit."

It does seem incredible. Yet for the next four months Woolbright remained on his farm raising corn and milo without receiving so much as a postcard from the numerous intelligence and law enforcement agencies supposedly still locked in a desperate search for the missing Hughes papers. Or so claims Woolbright, and there is no one to dispute him. No FBI men came by to offer money or immunity. No CIA agents dropped in to plead national security. No Hughes emissaries appeared.

"I wouldn't have talked to them if they had of come, but they didn't," says Woolbright. "Maybe they knew where the documents really were. Maybe they were never missing, maybe there were never any documents taken—who knows?"

Perhaps Woolbright does. But the apparent failure of anyone to track him, or at least admit to it, does raise some staggering questions. Why, after gearing up so intense a recovery effort, after bringing in the heads of the CIA, the FBI and the LAPD, even alerting the President, why, after pledging a million dollars to the quest, did everyone give up after entrusting the entire mission to a second-string movie actor? Why were there no further efforts to contact Donald Woolbright, if he was indeed the only known link to the burglars?

"I really haven't the faintest idea," insists former CIA Director William Colby. "The implication of what you're saying is that somehow we had gotten hold of the papers secretly, so we weren't pushing it. I can assure you there wasn't anything like that. You know, there really was no great arch conspiracy involved here. There were just simple people trying to get a job done."

Then, without being asked, Colby added, "*We* didn't do the break-in, I can guarantee you that."

6-6-69

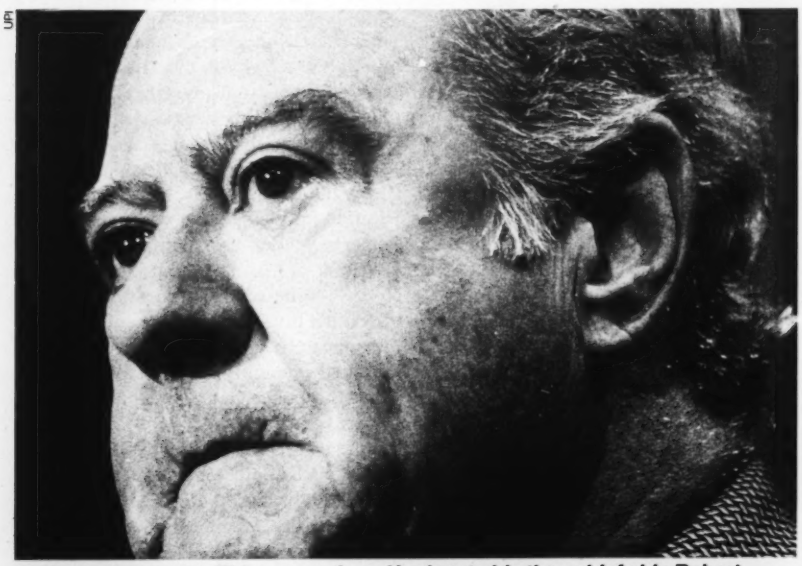
Bob -

I would be ecstatic at the prospect of purchasing Pirwin in the same manner as Air West. Do you think this really could be accomplished? I just assumed that the cries of monopoly would rule it out.

If this really could be accomplished, I think it would be a ten stripe and might change all of my plans.

Please reply, most urgent,

Howard



UPI

Ransom document: This memo, from Hughes to his then chief aide Robert Maheu (bottom), was produced by an extortionist who demanded $1 million for the stolen secret papers

"We heard that the document was loose," he concluded, "we tried to get the appropriate law enforcement agencies to follow up and recapture it, we never heard anything more about it, and then the project got exposed."

The only secret yet to become public as a result of the break-in was the one that the CIA was supposedly trying so hard to suppress. And it became public not through the burglars, but through the CIA itself.

On February 7, 1975, eight months after the Romaine heist, the *Los Angeles Times* broke the *Glomar* story. In its late final edition, it reported that the CIA-Hughes mystery ship had recovered a Russian submarine. The secret that had passed from Colby to FBI Director Kelley to Los Angeles FBI head Sullivan to LAPD Chief Davis back in July, had finally percolated down through the ranks to lower-level local law enforcement officials handling the break-in case. And one of them leaked the story to *Times* reporter Bill Farr.

The CIA moved swiftly to plug the leak. "Almost before the paper hit the newsstands," says Farr, "the CIA was in touch with the *Times* brass." Invoking national security, the agency convinced the newspaper to shunt the story from the front page back to the relative obscurity of page 18.

Was their theory that the Russians didn't read the late final, or that they'd lack the stamina the next morning to reach page 18? It was not the only question raised by the CIA's odd behavior. The *Times* story had placed the sub raising in the wrong ocean, and lacked detail. But then Colby launched a campaign to stop the story from spreading by revealing it himself to virtually every major media outlet in the country, a novel approach to say the least. "I gave them only what was essential to make the national security case," explains Colby. "I didn't give very much, frankly—there were a lot of things I left out. But I had to give them the impression I was leveling with them."

How accurate was that impression? Was Colby trying to kill the story or ensure its acceptance? Several mysteries about the *Glomar* have never been satisfactorily explained, and there is reason to doubt that the submarine caper was its actual or only mission. Is it possible that the CIA seized the opportunity of the Romaine heist to leak a cover story? Or even that the "missing *Glomar* document" was a Trojan Horse brought into the burglary case to allow the agen-

cy to monitor and control the entire investigation?

Mike Brenner found out about the *Glomar* the day before it hit the papers. An assistant district attorney in charge of the Romaine prosecution, he was about to take his case to the grand jury when suddenly summoned by his boss. "We were called up to the D.A.'s office, and it was, 'Oh My God, Brenner, how did you get this thing started, what's going on, national security and all the rest.' Then he told me about the Russian sub, and ordered the grand jury canceled."

One week later, Brenner finally got permission to proceed with his case. But after a single one-day session, the grand jury was again abruptly halted, this time through direct CIA intervention. The spy agency's general counsel, John Warner, called Deputy D.A. John Howard and invoked "national security." Neither Howard nor Warner would comment on the incident, but papers later filed in court reveal that the two had been in touch before. In fact, the CIA had been calling monthly to "check on the progress" of the burglary case. The secret calls have continued to this date.

"Maybe I'm naive," says Brenner, "but I think they just want to make sure that national security isn't compromised." But what national security problem could have prompted the CIA to halt the grand jury? Colby insists the *Glomar* was the agency's only interest in the case, and its supposed mission had already become public. But another month passed before the CIA gave its blessing and the grand jury was resumed.

Brenner insists that he received no instructions to narrow the scope of his inquiry. "The only issue was whether we could do it at all," he says. But the grand jury investigation was severely restricted. The scope was so narrow, in fact, that the Hughes executives called to testify were never even pressed to reveal what documents were actually stolen. Kay Glenn was allowed to get by with saying, "I could tell that certain things were missing." The kid-glove treatment they were accorded was all the more surprising given the fact that the LAPD had suggested the break-in was an "inside job." But Vince Kelley, the Summa security chief who failed his lie-detector test, did not appear at all, and Mike Davis, the security guard who refused to take a polygraph, was asked only for a routine description of the burglary.

There was no mention of the *Glomar* or the CIA in the entire proceedings, nor was Watergate brought up despite the FBI report linking it to Romaine. Organized crime questions were also completely avoided, and Maynard Davis was not even called to testify, let alone quizzed on the alleged Korshak connection.

All the grand jury testimony was aimed exclusively at Donald Woolbright, with Leo Gordon as star witness. The one surprise was Gordon's identification of the mysterious "Chester Brooks." The actor said he had heard the tape of Brooks' million-dollar ransom demand and was "absolutely certain" that Brooks and Woolbright were one and the same. But no positive voice-print analysis was possible because, incredibly, the LAPD in recording the call had run the tape at half-speed to save on cassettes. Their scrimping produced a fidelity so bad that no expert opinion could be rendered.

Nonetheless, Woolbright was indicted March 18 for receiving stolen property—the Hughes papers—*and* attempted extortion on the failed Chester Brooks ransom bid. It was not the big news of the day. By ironic coincidence, the *Glomar* story—despite or because of Colby's best efforts—finally broke wide open the same day, stealing all the national headlines.

"It was just an absent-minded thing," said Mike Davis, explaining his lapse.

In a final bizarre twist to the oddly intertwined Romaine-*Glomar* mysteries, the ex-Hughes security guard came forward somewhat belatedly with some new information. Two months after his grand jury testimony—and ten months after the fact—Davis revealed to the District Attorney that on the night of the break-in he spotted two documents "the burglars must have dropped."

"One of the papers was just a typewritten memo to HRH," he said, "and the other looked like a check with a lot of zeros on it." The latter, which was what attracted his attention, turned out to be a $100,000 certificate of deposit made out to Kay Glenn.

The typewritten memo, said Davis, was the famous missing *Glomar* document. And it was he, not the burglars, who had taken it.

With his wrists still taped cross-handed, the ex-guard says he scooped up both papers and stuffed them into his jacket pocket. "In all the excitement that followed, with the arrival of the police and everything, I forgot I had the documents," he explained. "When I got home and changed and realized I still had them, I panicked." Afraid to simply return the papers, he said he kept them in his bedroom drawer. For almost a year.

When he finally told his fantastic story to the D.A., Davis produced the $100,000 banknote. And the *Glomar* memo? "When all the publicity began to break on the submarine business," he said, "I tore that up and flushed it down the toilet."

The one document that had become so central to the entire case, the memo that had brought the FBI and the CIA into the hunt, the piece of paper whose loss led to the alleged disclosure of the agency's most sensitive covert project, *flushed down the toilet!*

Davis is vague about the memo he says he destroyed. He claims that it was a one-page note typed on white paper from the then vice-chairman of Hughes Tool Co., Raymond Holliday, to Howard Hughes himself. "Holliday," says Davis, "wrote that he was contacted by the CIA about covering up funds to finance the *Glomar*, that the IRS would turn their backs on it, and that Nixon was aware of the arrangement." Davis claims he can't recall the name of the CIA agent, when the memo was dated—or anything about a Russian submarine. In fact, he says, he can't remember if there was any mention at all of the ship's mission.

By what conceivable twist of fate might Mike Davis have accidentally picked up this one special document? Even had he come forward sooner, even had he not destroyed the evidence, his story would have been hard to accept. As things stood, it lacked all logic.

Why did he flush the memo? "I didn't want to get involved." Why then did he tell anyone he once had it? "I don't know why I did these things. I can't figure it out myself." Why didn't he reveal his information to the grand jury? "It wasn't brought up. I just answered the questions they asked me." How did the $100,000 check he hurriedly stuffed into his pocket with taped hands emerge without a wrinkle? "I really can't say."

None of these questions seemed to bother the District Attorney's Office. In exchange for his strange tale, Davis was granted immunity. This despite the fact that the police had immediately labeled the break-in an "inside job," that Davis alone among Hughes employees refused to take a lie-detector test, and that for the two months directly prior to the burglary the security guard worked across the street from Donald Woolbright.

Davis, who had a wife and six children to support, had been moonlight-

Continued on page 56

Solar and wind power have long been touted as *the* alternate forms of energy. But there are other ways to brave the energy crunch: the *alternate* alternate energies, which range from drilling for methane gas in city dumps to distilling sugarcane alcohol to fuel cars. One of the most promising—and amazing—methods is the Wallace/Atkins Destructive Distillator Process, which transforms garbage into gas

Trashing the energy crisis

By Janet Kole and Suzanne Charlé

Garbage, any garbage—construction wastes, food scraps, newspaper—is put into a sealed glass beaker and heated. Gas from the burning garbage streams through a small tube, fitted at each end with electrodes and BB-like balls of a metal alloy, and then continues through a condensation tube into another beaker. After 22 minutes, a black substance is left. A black substance known as crude oil.

Garbage and oil. We have too much of the former and we can't get enough of the latter. But Lyle Atkins, an inveterate tinkerer now working in Texas, has come up with a process that might literally turn the garbage surfeit into a gas—and charcoal and oil as well. The beaker experiment is a miniscule model of Atkin's alchemy: the Wallace/Atkins Destructive Distillator Process. According to the inventor and his three partners, the distillator will enable municipalities and private companies to use their own garbage to create most, if not all, of their own fuel. "If you were to take all of the waste products in the country—residential, institutional, industrial, agricultural and forest—and put them through our process, you could meet all of the energy requirements of the United States," claims Atkins. "Why, you could almost offset the amount of fuel we buy from the Arabs just by using forestry wastes—the limbs, leaves and the like. We're literally growing most of the energy we need. We're just not using it."

Although his claims sound fantastical, Atkins does not consider himself a dreamer. Right now he and his partners are putting the finishing touches on their third—and largest—demonstration model. (The preceding model, which digested 400 pounds of garbage a day, attracted the interest of scores of governmental agencies, including the Federal Energy Administration, and companies such as Celanese, Weyerhaeuser, Shell Oil, United Gas Pipeline and Tenneco.) Assembled on the outskirts of Baytown, Texas, the new distillator looks like a series of five traditional oil tanks connected by a large pipe and hooked up to a giant cracking unit. As Atkins describes the process, some 30 to 40 tons of garbage is fed into the cracking unit and heated. Char, which is later sold as charcoal and other carbon products, drops

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD KALVAR/MAGNUM

Garbage-to-gas: Lyle Atkins inspects his Destructive Distillator

out of the bottom. The gas from the burning trash passes out of the cracker, through the first reactor and into a cyclone receiving tank, then through the second reactor and receiving tank, and so on down the line. What gas is left is then processed through a bubble tower. Once the system is started, it is self-perpetuating; it runs on the gases and electricity produced by the burning. Energy recovery is a stable 87 percent (i.e., if the Btu of a pound of garbage were 1000, the products after burning would have an energy level of 870 Btu). And the end products are almost unbelievable: the first condensation yields a heavy crude; the second, a lighter crude; the third, a diesel or kerosene weight; the fourth, gasoline; the fifth, light alcohol. The leftover gas is pipeline-quality methane. The crude oil is so low in sulfur that it is equal to what Texans call "sweet crude," and it has the same energy level of crude oil—between 17,000 and 19,000 Btu per pound. Virtually nothing is left to pollute the environment. "The only 'waste' is water from condensation," explains Atkins. "We treat that so you can even go and drink it if you want to."

"You could almost offset the amount of fuel we buy from the Arabs just by using forestry wastes," says Atkins. "We're literally growing most of the energy we need"

Atkins stresses that his system does not create energy; it merely takes solid waste matter and rearranges the atoms of the three basic elements—hydrogen, carbon and oxygen—to form energy products. "I'm just doing what nature does," he says. "The only thing is, I do it in 22 minutes. Nature takes her time."

Although two independent and well-known petroleum assayers, Southern Petroleum Laboratories of Houston and E.W. Saybolt & Co., have run through the system and have confirmed that Atkins gets the results he says he does, prospective customers have thus far shied away from buying the distillator. "Big companies don't want to pour money into something they can't back up with respectable research," explains one observer. And Lyle Atkins has no advanced degree, in fact never finished college. It is very hard for people to believe that such a man could devise a

Janet Kole is a New York-based freelance writer.

Garbage pump

Lyle Atkins isn't the only one eyeing garbage as a fuel source. According to the National Center for Resource Recovery in Washington, D.C., eight cities have developed, or are in the midst of developing, plants that process garbage into fuel, which in turn is used in local power plants.

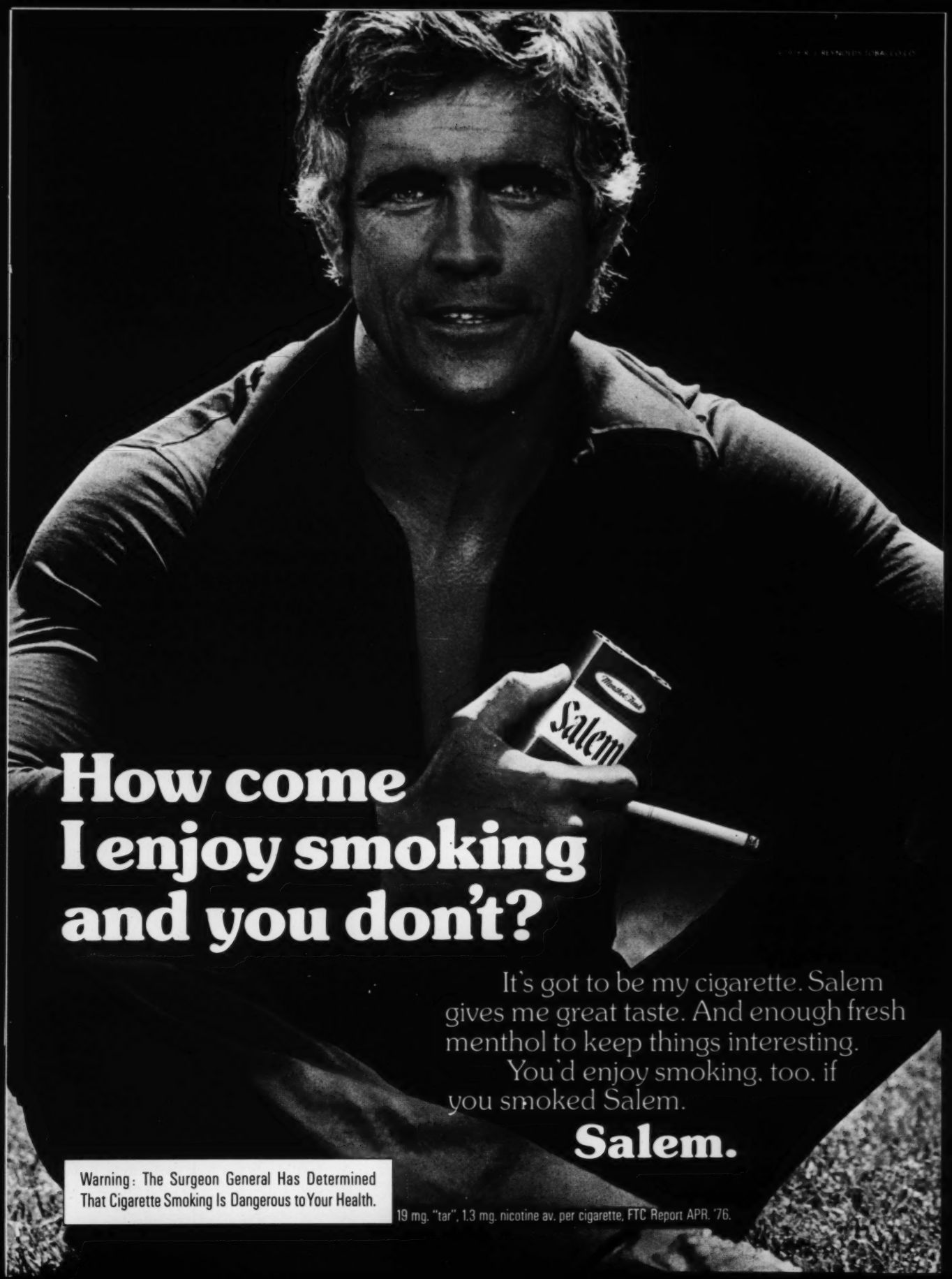
Ames, Iowa, has been taking care of virtually all of its trash and the trash of Story County (pop. 67,000) for the past year in exactly this way. A $5.6 million plant—funded and run by the county—converts approximately 3,520 tons of trash into refuse-derived fuel (RDF) every month. That's enough to meet about 14 percent of the fuel requirements of Ames' power plant. In addition, approximately 240 tons of ferrous materials and eight to ten tons of aluminum are recovered every month and sold to commercial buyers.

"Right now, it's costing Ames about $10 to process a ton of refuse, as opposed to $6.50-$7 per ton for landfill," says Arnold Chantland, director of public works. "But we would hope that after two to three years we'll be competitive with sanitary landfill operations. And if coal prices go up, we'll immediately be saving money at the power plant."

RDF is a very rich fuel and is low in sulfur, which causes pollution. Some preliminary tests have suggested that the amount of particulate matter has increased since the power plant started using RDF, but there are also indications that the particulate is larger than most and so is more easily trapped by the filtering systems. "We've got extensive tests in the works," Chantland explains, "but the results aren't in."

The Ames system is an outgrowth of an experimental project built in the early 1970s by the city of St. Louis, in conjunction with Union Electric Company and the Environmental Protection Agency. The prototype was so successful that Union Electric is now working on plans for a system that will be able to turn all of St. Louis' garbage into RDF. As now envisioned, the city will haul garbage to four sites, where an unloading fee will be collected by Union Colliery, a Union Electric subsidiary. The garbage will then be hauled to a plant where ferrous and nonferrous metals will be extracted and sold. The rest of the material will be processed and blown into four boilers used to generate electricity. Union Electric thinks that the entire process will make the cost of the fuel equal to, or a little less than, the cost of coal. The city, meanwhile, will actually benefit from the process. "We first got into this whole thing because our two garbage incinerators no longer met air and water requirements," says Jim Shea, St. Louis' refuse commissioner. "The city had a choice: either remodel the present incinerators—perhaps build new ones—which would require an investment of $20 million, or work on this project. By going to Union Electric, the city will be out of the disposal business. We'll pay approximately the same amount to use the dumping sites that we presently pay to incinerate—that's $5.48 per ton. So we'll come out even on the annual operating budget, but since we won't need to pass a bond to borrow the $20 million for new incinerators, we'll have an overall savings."

Meanwhile, the city of Madison, Wis., is in the process of drawing up an agreement with Madison Gas and Electric, in which the city will remodel an existing plant to prepare RDF, and the company will use the fuel to generate electricity. Money to subsidize the trash-milling project will come from the city's general fund, and so ultimately taxes will go up. But, as Gary Boley of the public works department points out, "The city of Madison has a solid-waste problem: we're running out of landfill space, and this will solve that problem. Since we have to do more to the garbage, it will cost more money. It's a tradeoff—you've got to spend more to recycle. The city is progressive, and has spent more money for solid-waste disposal research than most other cities. And there are benefits. We'll be able to sell the ferrous metal; the landfill, what there is of it, will be better quality; and we'll be supplying 15 percent of the city's fuel needs from trash that would otherwise be landfill."


Salem
How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?
It's got to be my cigarette. Salem
gives me great taste. And enough fresh
menthol to keep things interesting.
You'd enjoy smoking, too, if
you smoked Salem.
Salem.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Cow power

Meadow muffins and pasture paddies have long been the source of jokes. Now, they're a source of energy.

Pacific Gas & Electric and Southern California Gas Company have recently commissioned a $50,000 study to determine how much methane gas can be derived from, as they delicately put it, feed-lot waste in northern and central California. Preliminary figures indicate that utilities in search of gas to supplement the dwindling supply of natural gas will, indeed, be going back to the farm: cow manure generated in California's Kern, Imperial and Fresno counties alone could produce 30 million cubic feet of methane gas per day—enough to fuel approximately 100,000 homes. The conversion process would be similar to that used in sewage disposal and would involve anaerobic digestion, which converts solid waste to methane by bacterial action. This process, however, is not one that will end the energy crisis. According to Kit Newton, a PG&E spokesman, the daily energy needs of a family of four would require methane collected from 8.8 tons of manure. And since a typical cow produces about 11 tons of manure a year (that's 60 pounds a day), a herd of 293 cows would be necessary to fuel a single household.

PG&E is also looking at landfills as a source of methane gas. The first project, funded in part by the Environmental Protection Agency, is to drill wells in a 554-acre sanitary landfill in Mountain View, Calif. When the initial 18 wells are in operation a few months from now, 600,000 cubic feet of gas a day will be extracted. "We think this will be economical—certainly no more expensive than bringing natural gas down from Canada," says Newton. "And if that's the case, we'll open up other wells at Mountain View. Plus, we've located 24 other landfill sites that could be tapped." These, in turn, could produce as much as 24 million cubic feet of methane a day, which would fuel 38,000 houses. "All of this is supplemental," admits Newton, who explains that presently PG&E supplies 2.5 billion cubic feet of gas a day to northern and central California. "But every means of conservation is important."

The milkweed factor

"The best way to think of what we're doing is that we're growing crude oil on the land." That's how Dr. Melvin Calvin of the University of California at Berkeley describes a project he's now pursuing. If the project is successful, two families of plants—the euphorbia and, amazing to tell, the milkweed—will soon be the source of a good part of our oil.

According to Calvin, who received a Nobel prize for tracing the path of carbon in photosynthesis, there are thousands of species of latex-producing plants which, rather than forming carbohydrates, form hydrocarbons, which can be processed into oil. Their existence has been known for some time; in fact, many of the plants Calvin is now considering were studied by Thomas Edison during the last four years of his life. "He, of course, wasn't looking for hydrocarbons," says Calvin. "He—along with Firestone and Ford—was looking for rubber for tires. Edison found about a half dozen plants with a rubber substance, but they had even more oil. Back then, though, oil was cheap and he and the others weren't interested." Times have changed.

The initial planting will take place this spring—an acre at the agricultural experiment station in Davis, Calif., and an acre at the Riverside station. Calvin will be concentrating on plant species that will grow in the dry regions of the southern border states—New Mexico, southern California, Texas and Arizona. "There are actually many plants that produce latex," explains Calvin. "The problem is finding plants that will grow on land that isn't suitable for food production. That is most important—we must not compete with food for land."

Not surprisingly, Calvin reports that chemical companies have shown a great deal of interest in his project. In the past few years, they have been pinched by escalating oil prices and are now actively searching for new raw materials to replace oil. Calvin doesn't think the search will be an empty one. "It will probably happen in the next three to four years. And if we can get into production in five years, we'll be doing very well."

process that relies so heavily on complex physical laws.

"It took me three or four times, seeing the machine digest garbage and come up with oil, before I believed there weren't pipes running into it from underneath with oil or fuel of some kind," says Thomas Rives, a Houston-based engineer who was so impressed with Atkins' unit that he is now working on the final designs of the distillator. "There are a lot of con men out here."

"The concept is for real," affirms another chemical engineer who works with a multinational corporation. "I watched the second miniplant work and I know there was no gimmickry involved. It is technically possible to put in garbage and come out with burnable gas and hydrocarbons in liquid form. I am convinced that Atkins has done it."

Curiously enough, it seems that support of government and industry has

"I'm very impressed with Atkins' process," says an FEA official. "I just wish I had the resources to invest in it"

not been slowed by any failure of Atkins' process, but rather by the failures of other systems: "There've been so many disappointments in this area—Baltimore spent millions of dollars trying to process garbage into fuel and their process still doesn't work—that there's a real lack of confidence right now that this sort of process can work," explains Charles E. Shortt, director of energy resource development for the Federal Energy Administration in Dallas. "Government and industry are shy about laying out five, ten million dollars for a project that will lead nowhere. But," he adds, "I'm very impressed with Atkins' process. I've seen a number of similar processes, and none has produced fuel with as high a Btu level as this one does. I saw Atkins' last model: gas was flared, oil came out, char was produced, there was no pollution. Certainly the Carter administration should be interested, because it will mean energy for the cities and employment in the cities and a cleaner environment. There will be bugs, primarily in the handling of different types of garbage, but none that can't be worked out. The one big problem Atkins' group has now seems to be financial. I just wish I had the personal resources to invest in it—I'm very much impressed."

Texans will tell you, and with some pride, that Houston is a city of misfits and rebels. They say there are more inventors per square inch in Houston than in any other part of the country; inventors just naturally seem to drift in from other parts of the country. Lyle Atkins is no exception.

Atkins left his hometown, Tulsa, Okla., in 1935 at the age of 18 to travel through the Southwest, free-lancing as an accountant. "Every stinkin' job nobody else wanted, I took," he remembers. Along the way, he married, put in a few years in college and amassed a comfortable amount of money. He also went to war, where he acquired an uncontrollable taste for alcohol; eventually he lost his family and his fortune. He entered a program for alcoholics at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Houston to get himself "off the hootch." "He's made his life over," says Ernest Melchert, a Protestant chaplain at the hospital. "Lyle Atkins is one of the most amazing men I have ever met."

Atkins is now totally dedicated to developing his new distillation process. "I got started thinking about natural energy back in 1958 when I couldn't light a smudge pot on a rainy night to warn motorists away from my stalled car," Atkins recalls. A country boy, Lyle knew rotting manure went through chemical changes, and so he began experimenting to find a way to harness and package the energy from manure. He inserted electrodes, made of various materials, into organic wastes and eventually found a combination that generated enough electricity to power a small radio. In 1971 he presented his biological fuel cell—operating on cow manure—at an inventors' convention in Houston and won the financial backing of a wealthy stockbroker, Ronald Gold. A few months later they formed a partnership and began searching for an economical way to make the natural decomposition of organic wastes produce energy on a large scale.

Their first attempt was a Chaplinesque affair: the two men rented a silo near Houston, filled it with cow manure, and waited for a miracle. All they got was a pile of dung. "We were after methane. There was probably pretty much of it, too," says Atkins, "but that manure was so ripe after sittin' there six, eight months, we didn't take the time to measure the gas. We just hauled that stuff out of there as fast as we could."

Then, about three years ago, Gold and Atkins read an article by a Michigan chemistry teacher named Floyd Wallace. Wallace had created a process that produced hydrocarbons by burning garbage with an additional input of hydrogen. What the system lacked was the catalyst Atkins used in his fuel cell. "That article turned around our thinking," says Atkins. "Before, we'd been using stuff like rice hulls in the distillator. The thought of using garbage just never struck me." Wallace was taken on as a partner and given a financial interest in the venture. Atkins and Gold continued to experiment in a tin shed outside Houston. "We knew we were on the right track but we had one heck of a time finding just the right process. For example, it took quite a while to figure out the right temperature. And without that—well, some of those emulsions we made up you couldn't burn with a blow torch." Eventually just the right mix of heat, current and catalyst was found, and a lawyer,

Driving to drink

For years, the comic-strip character Gordo has been using rum to fuel his comet. Now Brazil is using alcohol to fuel cars.

Three cars—a Dodge, a Volkswagen and a Gurgel jeep—recently completed a 5,000-mile tour, using as fuel a solution of sugarcane alcohol and water. The cars averaged 30 miles per gallon on dirt roads, 36 on asphalt roads. And not a drop of gasoline was used.

Brazil, which imports about 80 percent of its oil requirements, has been trying for some time to find alternatives to gasoline. Since 1931, Brazil has permitted a small percentage of alcohol to be added to gasoline. And sugar plantations are already using farm machinery with alcohol-powered engines. (The plantations, in fact, are self-sufficient entities that export sugar, distill their own alcohol and generate their own electricity by burning the woody part of the cane and then converting the heat into steam that powers turbines.) A total changeover to alcohol-burning engines would be a breakthrough for Brazil, which is one of the world's largest sugarcane producers and which already has initiated plans for 60 sugarcane distilleries, to be built in the near future, and expects to have 200 plants operating by 1980. And some experts feel that such a changeover is within the realm of possibility: the National Alcohol Program has scheduled a gradual increase of alcohol production from sugarcane, manioc, sweet potatoes and other crops, so that production will top 5 billion liters by 1980. Japanese and American investors, as well as Volkswagen, are also said to be interested in large-scale alcohol distillation, and so production could climb well above the 5-billion-liter projection.

Using alcohol as fuel would seem to have few drawbacks: Brazilian authorities claim that conventional, gas-burning cars can be easily and inexpensively converted to use alcohol; the price of alcohol would be about the same as gas. The advantages, on the other hand, are impressive: alcohol, unlike gasoline, can be mixed with water, and therefore is a much more efficient fuel; since it burns better, there is little pollution—what exhaust there is is reported to be most pleasant. "I was down in Brazil recently," says Professor Melvin Calvin of the University of California at Berkeley, "and I drove one of those cars. It ran very well, and the exhaust smelled great—rather like rum." Perhaps the best news of all is that the alcohol is derived from parts of the sugarcane plant not used in the production of sugar.

Although this advance might help ease the fuel problems of a number of countries—including India, the Philippines and Cuba, all of which grow sugarcane—it doesn't look like the American public will be treated to the sweet fumes of this new fuel. The United States doesn't grow enough sugarcane to produce large quantities of alcohol, and lands that could be used to grow sugarcane, in Hawaii and elsewhere, are now too expensive to make new plantings economically feasible. Researchers are, however, seriously considering the possibility of distilling large amounts of alcohol from wood waste, such as limbs, leaves, bark and wood chips. Since the process, which would convert cellulose to glucose to alcohol, is more involved (and expensive) than the distillation of sugarcane, there's no chance of local gasoline stations closing down next week. But Professor Calvin and others do believe that, in the not-too-distant future, alcohol will be used as fuel here in the U.S. For once, it would seem, driving and alcohol just might mix.

Henry Broady, was so impressed with Atkins' beaker demonstration that he became a partner and put up money to build a prototype that would process 100 pounds of garbage a day.

As they worked on the model in a deserted Houston warehouse, affectionately called "the dark dungeon," Atkins and his partners were sure they would soon be selling large-scale distillators to cities and corporations. What they hadn't counted on was the bureaucratic sensibility that seems to require long, involved studies written and produced by "professionals."

"I couldn't prove I was an inventor. I don't have some Ph.D. behind my name. To a lot of these people, I was just some joker in a garage," explains Atkins. The crew also hadn't counted on the molasses-like reaction of bureaucrats to a new concept. City councils interested in the system debated the merits of the project for months, years. One councilman even worried whether his town could count on a continuing supply of garbage. And so the people at Wallace/Atkins Oil Company decided to turn to the federal government which, through the Environmental Protection Agency, had been funding reclamation projects all over the country. Most of the projects either created supplementary fuel, to be used with coal or oil, or recovered glass, metals and other substances. None, the partners agreed, had anywhere near the potential of the Wallace/Atkins process.

Atkins stresses that his system does not create energy: "I'm just doing what nature does. The only thing is, I do it in 22 minutes. Nature takes her time."

"I wrote a letter to Nixon and his energy people, describing the process and urging them to exert a concentrated effort to find ways to make synthetic fuels. I never got a reply," Atkins recalls. "I wrote essentially the same thing to Ford. At least he wrote back. He referred us to ERDA; they referred us to EPA; and they referred us to the Small Business Administration, who said, 'Sorry, no funds.' Sometimes you get the feeling government doesn't want a solution."

There was active interest, however, from one sector of the economy. It was just after Atkins built his 100-pound distillator that a representative from a major oil company suggested that his firm might buy Atkins out. Everyone has his price, said the representative, and there'd be money in it for Lyle if he were to stop work on his project. "I just never pursued the conversation," says Atkins.

The Baytown plant should be processing garbage—30 to 40 tons a day—in the next few weeks. Buyers for the byproducts are all lined up, and many cities and corporations are taking another look at the process. The TVA has expressed considerable interest in the distillator and is talking about working with Atkins on a 100-ton system which, utilizing the millions of tons of wood waste in the area, could generate $.5 billion in revenue. "We hope to begin work on the demonstration model sometime after the first of the year," says Edward Bales of the TVA. "I've been following Atkins' research for two or three years now—I want to see this thing work so bad it would make your head swell."

Even the Texas Department of Community Affairs has given its blessing in the form of a favorable report on the economic feasibility of the system. Finally, after years of trial and error, it would seem that the 60-year-old inventor is on the verge of commercial success. "I figure private industry will buy first," says Atkins. "They're at the point they have to do something to stay profitable. Cities will eventually get around to buying a system—whether its ours or one someone else develops—that converts waste materials into usable, clean fuels. They'll have to. Heck, I hear if something's not done about the gas shortage out in L.A., loads of people will be out of work in the not-too-distant future."

Meantime, the possibility of success isn't stopping Atkins from thinking of other projects: "I got some ideas about high frequencies—that they can generate different temperatures, to be used for air conditioning and warmth. I'm looking into that one." ●

The greening of the fuel crisis

The Energy Research and Development Administration doesn't think much of it: out of a $6.4 billion budget for 1976, ERDA spent only $3 million on photosynthesis-related projects. But many scientists—both in academia and in business—are impressed with the possibilities of redirecting photosynthesis to produce hydrogen and are pursuing various ways to harness the sun's energy, just as plants do.

In a number of labs across the country, experiments have been successfully conducted in which hydrogen is generated by a process involving water, sunlight and portions of green plants. If hydrogen can actually be produced this way in large quantities, the fuel problems of the future will have been solved. Most of the processes now under consideration involve few, if any, expensive materials, and since two of the earth's most plentiful commodities—water and sunlight—are the main elements in the process, the supply of hydrogen would be virtually infinite. As a fuel, hydrogen has the advantages of being clean burning (water is the only byproduct) and easily stored and transported.

There are several ways to produce hydrogen via the photosynthetic process. Some University of California scientists have been studying blue-green algae which, under special conditions, produce hydrogen. One recent experiment yielded a record amount of hydrogen for a biological system—two liters in 20 days. This amount of hydrogen obviously doesn't even put a nick in the energy gap. But it is a beginning. Other researchers, rather than experimenting with actual plants, have opted to try to find synthetic systems that will be based on green plants' photosynthetic process. Advantages to a system of this type would be an increased efficiency (plants use about 50 percent of the sunlight available to them) and the elimination of problems with the plants themselves. Perhaps the most advanced work in this area comes out of North Carolina: two chemists, Hertha and Gerhard Sprintschnik, recently discovered that when a chemical compound, comprised mainly of ruthenium, is immersed in water and illuminated, it is activated to split water molecules into oxygen and hydrogen.

Some optimistic observers are suggesting that small hydrogen-producing units may be commercially available in five years. Others suggest that this will be a long-term project. But most people involved in the research believe that ultimately photosynthesis—the same system that has been the fundamental source of food here on earth—will become a fundamental source of fuel.

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If you've seen one Bicentennial, you've seen enough **By Paul Slansky**

SPIRITS OF '76

JANUARY

NBC's new corporate symbol, designed at a cost of $750,000, is discovered to be identical to the symbol long since in use by the Nebraska Educational Television network and designed for under $100.

Senator Robert Byrd opens his presidential campaign on the *Today* show, playing bluegrass music on a violin.

The *San Diego Union* reports that a right-wing California terrorist group was formed in 1972 with the help of the FBI, which provided it with weapons and explosives.

Marion Javits is identified as a $67,500-a-year consultant to the Iranian government.

The Vatican issues a declaration on sexual ethics, including its view that masturbation is "an intrinsically and seriously disordered act."

Ronald Reagan says that his proposed transfer of federal welfare programs to state governments might well deprive some recipients of adequate benefits. "If a state is mismanaged," he advises, "you can move elsewhere."

The Food and Drug Administration bans Red Dye No. 2, the most widely used dye in foods, drugs and cosmetics, calling it a possible carcinogen.

Congressman Joseph D. Waggoner Jr. (D–La.) is detained in Washington for having solicited a policewoman.

Excerpts from a House Intelligence Committee report on CIA abuses include Senator Henry Jackson's advice to CIA officials on how to cope with congressional investigations.

Congressman Andrew J. Hinshaw (R–Cal.) is found guilty of taking bribes while serving as Orange County assessor.

Speaking in Dallas, William Kunstler says, "I'm not entirely upset by the Kennedy assassinations. In many ways, two of the most dangerous men in the country were eliminated."

FEBRUARY

The Lockheed Corporation is discovered to have paid $7 million in bribes to a right-wing Japanese militarist influential in Tokyo politics.

A Senate Intelligence Committee reveals that it has found evidence of criminal activities by the CIA and the FBI in eight major areas, including illegal mail openings, character assassination and perjury.

In an effort to demonstrate that he is physically fit to be president, George Wallace begins airing TV spots that show him catching a football in his wheelchair.

Lockheed's chief operations officer acknowledges payments to Japanese and Dutch officials, but stops short of admitting bribery. "I would categorize them more as gifts," he says.

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton separate after 4 months of marriage, which had been preceded by 16 months of divorce.

In Peking, Richard Nixon expresses amazement at how many Japanese government officials are involved in the growing Lockheed scandal. Says Barry Goldwater, of Nixon's China trip, "If he wants to do this country a favor, he might stay over there."

The Supreme Court refuses to hear a plea by the Polish-American Congress to allow it equal time to respond to four Polish jokes told on the *Dick Cavett Show* in 1972.

Campaigning in Florida, President Ford calls Fidel Castro an "international outlaw." He pronounces Fidel to

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rhyme with idle.

Norman Rees warns the *Dallas Times Herald* that he will kill himself if the paper runs an article exposing him as a double agent. It does and he does.

MARCH

The sole nominee for the presidency of Rotary International, Wolfgang Wick, turns out to have been a Nazi storm trooper.

In a speech, Ronald Reagan says, "Gerald Ford was a Communist." He later corrects that to "a congressman."

Howard (Bo) Callaway goes on "temporary leave" as President Ford's national campaign manager, pending resolution of charges that he illegally tried to influence a government decision concerning his Colorado ski resort. Says Ronald Reagan, "I'll miss him. Some of the things he was saying were a great help to me."

In Los Angeles, the name of the 3.5-mile Richard M. Nixon Freeway is changed to the Marina Freeway.

In San Diego, Marine Corps Private Lynn McClure dies as a result of a severe beating he received at the hands of fellow recruits during a combat-training drill.

George Wallace says, "I'm not trying to compare myself with Roosevelt, but he couldn't walk either."

Campaigning in Charlotte, President Ford says, "I say that homemaking is not out of date, and I strongly reject such accusations."

Excerpts from *The Final Days* begin leaking out, including the news that Richard Nixon hasn't slept with Pat since 1962.

President Ford calls for a government-sponsored campaign to inoculate every American against swine flu.

In Madison, Wis., George Wallace is greeted by hecklers wearing Arthur Bremer masks. Later, Henry Jackson is taunted by hecklers who throw paper airplanes at him and spit in his face.

APRIL

Howard Hughes dies of kidney failure in a private jet en route to a Houston hospital. At his death he is 70 years old, is worth over $2 billion and weighs 90 pounds.

Campaigning in New York, Henry Jackson calls on his supporters to "work together with me for a better life for oil . . . I mean for all."

Walter Mondale is "outraged" when an excerpt from a book he has written appears in *Genesis*, a girlie magazine. Judging from its title, says Mondale, he had thought the publication "sounded kind of religious."

Referring to his victory speech after NBC and ABC had incorrectly projected him the winner of the Wisconsin primary, Mo Udall asks reporters the next morning "to amend my statements last night and insert the word 'lose' where I had the word 'win.'"

Phil Ochs hangs himself.

Rabbi Korff reveals that Nixon is depressed by the publicity surrounding *The Final Days*. "When he reads that his wife wouldn't have sexual relations with him for 16 years," says Korff, "of course it depresses him."

On stage at the Palace, Shirley MacLaine calls New York "the Karen Ann Quinlan of American cities."

Ron Nessen hosts NBC's *Saturday Night*, which features a filmed appearance by Gerald Ford. Skits include an ad for Autumn Fizz feminine hygiene spray and an editorial on presidential erections.

Officials disclose that at least 50 West Point cadets have been found guilty of cheating on a take-home exam.

Philadelphia Congressman William A. Barrett wins renomination for a 12th term by a 3-1 margin, despite the fact that he has been dead for two weeks.

MAY

Louise Lasser is arrested in Los Angeles and charged with possession of cocaine.

Asked how far he would go to maintain control of the Panama Canal, Ronald Reagan replies, "How far would we go to stop someone from taking the state of Alaska?"

The Senate Intelligence Committee reports that the FBI's efforts to defame Martin Luther King Jr. continued for some time after his death.

Allied Chemical is indicted on 1,094 criminal charges involving discharge of industrial wastes, including Kepone, into the James River. Says an Allied spokesman, "The company's general record on environmental policies has been excellent."

Jerry Brown says that he entered the presidential race "because I really couldn't think of a good reason not to." He adds, "A little vagueness goes a long way in this business."

Asked if he plans any changes in the Ford strategy in the face of a string of primary defeats, campaign manager Rogers Morton says, "I'm not going to rearrange the furniture on the deck of the *Titanic*."

The *New York Times* reports that Ronald Reagan paid no federal income tax in 1970, and very little in subsequent years.

General William Westmoreland says that it's "silly" to admit women to West Point, adding, "It's depriving young men of the limited places that are there."

The *Washington Post* discloses that Elizabeth Ray is Wayne Hays' mistress, and that she is on his office payroll at $14,000 a year even though, she says, "I can't type, I can't file, I can't even answer the phone." Says Hays, "This is my reward for trying to help somebody who's sick."

Martha Mitchell dies in New York of bone cancer. Alone.

JUNE

Harold Stassen announces his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination.

Congressman Allan T. Howe (D–Utah) is arrested in Salt Lake City when he allegedly propositions a policewoman posing as a prostitute.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan enters the New York Senate race. He shrugs off his earlier statement that it would be "dishonorable" to leave his post as UN ambassador to "run for any office, and I hope it would be understood that if I do, the voters would consider me . . . a man of no personal honor to have done so."

Phoenix investigative reporter Don Bolles is fatally injured when a bomb explodes in his car.

Campaigning in Idaho, Jimmy Carter tells his listeners that he feels a "special kinship" with them because "potatoes and peanuts are the only major crops that grow underground."

G. Harrold Carswell is arrested for making a homosexual advance to a vice-squad policeman in a wooded area in Tallahassee.

Amy Carter raises the price of lemonade from five cents to a dime.

Ninety miles of Atlantic beaches in Nassau County, N.Y., are closed when sewage washes up on them.

Gregg Allman's former road manager, John Herring, is convicted on drug charges after Allman testifies for the prosecution in order to keep himself out of jail.

Teamsters' president Frank Fitzsimmons says, "To those who say it is time to reform this organization and that it's time the officers stopped selling out its members, I say, 'Go to hell.'"

Illustration by Mona Mark

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Marie Ratagick tells the truth about welfare, in **Ms.**

"The Sexual Revolution and the Women's Movement are polar opposites on philosophy, goals and spirit."
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Bernard Bergman, who amassed a large fortune by subjecting the patients in his nursing homes to inhuman living conditions and pocketing the savings, is convicted of Medicaid and tax fraud. He is sentenced to four months in jail, and protests the severity of the sentence.

JULY

Pat Nixon suffers a stroke in San Clemente, reportedly while reading *The Final Days*.

Mary Hartman suffers a nervous breakdown on the *David Susskind Show*.

America celebrates the Bicentennial.

A school bus carrying 26 children is hijacked near Chowchilla, Calif. The victims are forced into a truck van that is buried underground, and from which they escape 29 hours later.

Seeing Warren Beatty and Bella Abzug together at a Democratic Convention party, Chevy Chase asks, "Hey, Beatty, who's the chick?"

A man carrying a three-foot metal pipe is shot to death after scaling the iron fence around the White House.

The Supreme Court upholds the death penalty, 7–2.

Nicholas P. Callahan, the FBI's number-two man, is fired amidst allegations that he has been involved in kickbacks with companies supplying electronic equipment to the bureau.

After he has been selected as the Democratic vice-presidential nominee, Walter Mondale publicly calls Carter's autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*, "the best book ever written."

Amy Carter cries when she learns that John Glenn has been passed over for the number-two slot. "I wanted an astronaut to be vice-president," she says.

Pat Nixon leaves the hospital in a wheelchair being pushed by her husband. Pointing to him, she tells reporters, "I feel fine but I'm a little frightened about the driver."

Campaigning in Colorado, Ronald Reagan says, "I don't believe in the old tradition of picking a running mate at the opposite end of the political spectrum because he can get some votes you can't get yourself." Two weeks later he selects liberal Pennsylvania Senator Richard S. Schweiker as his running mate.

Jimmy Carter's nephew, imprisoned in San Francisco for two armed robberies, says that his family disowned him when his uncle began to close in on the Democratic nomination.

A Pennsylvania American Legion convention opens at Philadelphia's Bellevue Stratford Hotel.

AUGUST

Congressman Jerry Litton is killed in a plane crash en route to a victory celebration after winning Missouri's Democratic senatorial nomination.

Richard Schweiker, seeking to reassure Reagan's conservative supporters, tells the GOP Mississippi delegation that his liberal voting record is largely "symbolic."

In Plains, a softball game being umpired by Ralph Nader is interrupted by an explosion at Billy Carter's gas station.

The single reference to Richard Nixon in the draft of the Republican platform is deleted.

One hundred black youths terrorize white teenagers at a rock concert in Detroit's Cobo Hall. Police refuse to enter the building to restore order.

Nelson Rockefeller tells the opening night Republican Convention, "If it took a football player who played center without a helmet to pull us through, I say, thank God we've had him to lead the team." The next night, Rocky tears a Reagan sign out of a delegate's hands, touching off a fracas that culminates in the ripping out of the New York delegation's telephone.

Reagan supporters vent their frustration at their imminent defeat by blowing on plastic horns for 43 minutes, creating a din which reporter Mike Royko likens to "some kind of giant, constipated cow."

Betty Ford dances with Tony Orlando in the aisles of Kansas City's Kemper Arena.

With the Legionnaire's Disease death toll at 28, Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp moves into the Bellevue Stratford Hotel for a day to convince tourists that it is "a safe place."

Renee Richards (nee Richard Raskind) is barred from the U.S. Open women's tennis competition after refusing to take a chromosome test.

Lester Maddox is nominated by the American Independent Party, whose platform opposes public housing, the ERA and gun control, and favors a 70-mile-per-hour speed limit.

SEPTEMBER

As the presidential campaign gets under way, Gerald Ford goes to the Rose Garden to sign some bills, and there shakes hands with his wife. Twice.

Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel goes on trial in Baltimore for mail fraud and bribery.

The House Ethics Committee reports that its $150,000 investigation has failed to determine how Daniel Schorr obtained the Pike intelligence report.

Campaigning with Robert Dole in Binghamton, N.Y., Vice-President Rockefeller responds to heckling students by giving them the finger. Referring to the disruptions and the gesture, he tells reporters, "I love it!"

"I've looked on a lot of women with lust," Jimmy Carter tells *Playboy*, "I've committed adultery in my heart many times."

In an accompanying article, Hamilton Jordan says, "If, after the inauguration, you find a Cy Vance as secretary of state and Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of National Security, then I would say we failed. And I'd quit."

George Wallace discovers that a tap on his bedroom phone has been secretly installed on orders from his wife.

With nine minutes left to go in the first presidential debate, a 25-cent capacitor burns out, leaving the two candidates standing stonily behind their lecterns for 27 minutes of silence.

Former Congressman James Hastings (R–N.Y.) is indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of obtaining kickbacks from his staff to buy cars, snowmobiles, boats and to pay for his children's college education.

Muhammad Ali retains his title against Ken Norton at Yankee Stadium. Outside, roving bands of youths terrorize fight fans and damage cars while 1,000 off-duty cops conducting a labor protest cheer them on.

A conversation in the House chamber between Nelson Rockefeller and Speaker Carl Albert is accidentally transmitted over an open mike into the press room. Observing Ed Brooke greeting the President of Liberia, Rockefeller says, "Ed Brooke is a one-man receiving committee." "Yeah," adds Albert, "he'd be a slave if he were over there." They both laugh.

OCTOBER

Campaigning at the Days of the Verdugos Festival in Glendale, Calif., Gerald Ford says, "It's wonderful to be here at the opening of the Vertigo festival."

Earl Butz is forced to resign after it is revealed that he told John Dean, "Coloreds only want three things . . .

first, a tight pussy; second, loose shoes; and third, a warm place to shit." Ford accepts the resignation of "this good and decent man," calling it "one of the saddest decisions of my presidency."

George N. Garrett is held in Miami on a $500,000 bond for manufacturing "assassination kits"—attaché cases equipped with Lugar pistols.

In the second presidential debate, President Ford says, "There is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe and there never will be under a Ford Administration."

The number of people showing up for swine flu shots drops sharply after 14 people die within 48 hours of receiving the shot.

Campaigning in California for S.I. Hayakawa, President Ford calls the GOP senatorial candidate first "Hayakama" and then "Hiawatha."

Robert Dole criticizes Carter for saying he would not send troops to Yugoslavia. Asked if he would send such troops, Dole says, "The answer is no, but I wouldn't tell them in advance what I had in mind."

Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards acknowledges that his wife was given $10,000 by a South Korean businessman with ties to the South Korean CIA. "I don't see anything unusual about it," says Edwards.

Campaigning in Illinois, Gerald Ford refers to having spent the night in "Joliet, Indiana." He opens his speech in Lincoln by saying, "It's great to be here in Pontiac," then corrects it to "Bloomington." Ford says Carter "speaks loudly and carries a fly spotter—a fly swasher—it's been a long day."

After spending several months exploring Plains, Ga., the press suddenly discovers (two days before the election) that Jimmy Carter's church does not allow blacks to be members.

NOVEMBER

The Utah Supreme Court stays the firing squad execution of convicted murderer Gary Mark Gilmore, who has pleaded with the court to be allowed to die as scheduled in mid-November. Two days later the court reverses itself and says Gilmore can be executed.

Prison warden Samuel W. Smith is swamped by calls from volunteers who want to shoot Gilmore. Smith says he will screen out those who seek to participate for "unhealthy" reasons.

Jimmy Carter is elected president. Out of 80 million votes cast, a selected switch of 7,400 would have changed the result.

Utah Governor Calvin Rampton stays Gary Gilmore's execution. Gilmore's lawyer, who has been pushing for the execution, says he intends to write a book about the case as soon as his client is dead.

House Democratic Whip John J. McFall admits receiving $4,000 in cash from South Korean lobbyist Park Tong Sun, and using it for petty cash.

Smokey the Bear dies at 26 in the Washington National Zoo.

Mo Udall falls from a ladder while repairing the roof of his McLean, Va., home and breaks both his arms. Says Udall, "This hasn't been my year."

Gary Gilmore, after taking an overdose of barbiturates, is rushed to a hospital where doctors barely manage to save his life. He is then returned to prison to await execution.

Jimmy Carter, who often attacked the imperial presidency during his campaign, arrives at the White House, from Blair House across the street, in a nine-car motorcade.

In a case of mistaken identity, three FBI agents are shot by other FBI agents as they all attempt to prevent a robbery at a New Jersey bank.

The Chief Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court is removed from a commercial airliner and arrested for drunken, belligerent behavior at the Dallas airport.

In a posthumous memoir called *Past Forgetting: My Love Affair with Dwight D. Eisenhower*, Kay Summersby reveals that Ike was impotent.

DECEMBER

Gerald Ford's half-brother is killed in Tennessee when he crashes his car head-on into an oncoming truck after driving for several miles on the wrong side of Interstate 40.

In a speech in Chicago, Mayor Richard Daley says, "You and I know that if I had ever been corrupted, I wouldn't still be around." Two weeks later he dies of a heart attack.

Ten thousand people in Baton Rouge are forced to flee the area when a cloud of poisonous chlorine gas leaks from a nearby Allied Chemical plant.

Newsmen at a Salt Lake City television station say they are exploring the possibility of filming Gary Gilmore's execution from a dirigible.

The swine flu immunization program is suspended when 51 people who received the shots develop paralysis.

Twelve days after he has been arrested for reckless flying, Donald Kroner crashes his single-engine plane into the upper-deck seats of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium where, moments before, thousands have been watching a Colt-Steeler playoff game.

Jimmy Carter, who won the presidency with 92 percent of the black vote, selects as his attorney general a man who belongs to two segregated clubs.

The Liberian tanker *Argo Merchant* breaks in half off Nantucket, spilling 7.5 million gallons of heavy oil into the Atlantic. After investigating this worst oil spill in U.S. history, the Liberian government reports, "The ship was not where she was supposed to be."

On ABC, newsperson Barbara Walters asks Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter what size bed they sleep in, and ends the interview by giving them her benediction.

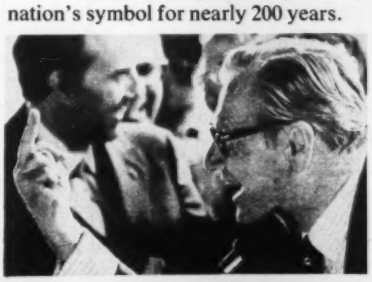
Police enter a Manhattan apartment and find six people chanting "Rise, Stephan, rise!" around the decomposed corpse of a 29-year-old cancer victim who has been dead for two months. The six thank the police for relieving them of their 24-hour-a-day vigil, adding that they intended to call the police themselves if Stephan didn't come back to life in the next two days.

Noting that 8,600 pedestrians have been killed during the year, the National Safety Council objects to a popular coin-operated game called "Death Race," in which players, behind a steering wheel, try to run down human figures on a TV screen.

The Liberian tanker *Olympic Games* runs aground, spilling 134,000 gallons of oil into the Delaware River.

During a condolence call to the widow of Senator Philip Hart, President Ford agrees to consider her request for amnesty for Vietnam draft resisters and deserters. Asked later in the day whether amnesty is a real possibility, Ford says, "Oh, no—I just said that at her request I would look at it."

In Suffolk County, N.Y., two men with a shotgun kill one of the Northeast's few remaining bald eagles—the nation's symbol for nearly 200 years.



Continued from page 40
ing by day as a car salesman while working nights for Howard Hughes. In March 1974 he joined Crossroads Chevrolet, an auto agency in North Hollywood. One month later, Woolbright went to work at Cutter Ford, the lot next door.

Did the Romaine guard know the alleged Romaine bag man? Both say not, and there is no evidence to contradict them. Yet it seems odd that the FBI never even contacted Davis, that the issue was not raised when he appeared before the grand jury and that local police have only recently begun to seriously investigate the possible link.

Adding to the strange web of apparent connections, Davis got his job at Romaine through his brother-in-law, Clarence Waldron, one of only six men who had direct contact with Howard Hughes. A member of the "Mormon Mafia" that kept watch over the billionaire, Waldron also had the only set of keys to Romaine aside from Kay Glenn. According to a police report, the burglars entered several offices with keys.

Waldron denies that he ever discussed the burglary with Davis, and Davis denies that he had any connection to Woolbright or the break-in. Unemployed and on welfare, the ex-guard says, "I wish I had been involved. I could use the money."

Ten days after his indictment, Donald Woolbright just walked in and gave himself up to the St. Louis police. "They had it that I was 'armed and dangerous,'" he says, "and I didn't want to get my head blown off by some rookie cop who thought I was a Russian spy."

When he surrendered, Woolbright—who for nine months allegedly had the secret papers so dangerous to national security—was contacted for the first time by the FBI. "They asked me if I wanted to talk to the CIA, and I said no, and that was it." In fact, the accused Romaine bag man was released almost immediately because no one showed up at his hearing to present extradition papers from California. Weeks later a new warrant was issued for his arrest, and Woolbright voluntarily gave himself up a second time. To make things easy, this time he flew to Los Angeles to surrender.

Facing a possible 15 years in jail, Woolbright pleaded not guilty, spurned an immediate immunity offer and refused to talk. "He could walk away from this right now," says Assistant District Attorney Brenner. "All he'd have to do is tell us what happened." Retorts Woolbright, "I don't want any of their deals." His long-delayed trial, now scheduled for January 18, is not likely to begin until late March. He says he expects to win.

There are three people—Leo Gordon, J.P. Hayes and Maynard Davis—who will testify that Woolbright told them he had the stolen Hughes papers. Two of them, Gordon and Davis, also say he showed them one of the documents. And Gordon has identified Woolbright as "Chester Brooks," the extortionist who produced one memo that was definitely written by Hughes. But the poor quality of the Brooks tape leaves that charge open to question, and from a legal standpoint the rest of the case is far from solid.

"You have people who said they've seen the documents," notes Woolbright. "Well, what did they see? They saw some papers with some writing about atomic testing. And these are all people who are experts on Howard Hughes' handwriting, and they know without a doubt that these were Hughes' memos?"

But *you* told them the documents belonged to Hughes. "Well, what if I did?" he asks. "What makes *me* an expert?"

"The aspect of the case that worries me," says one prosecutor, "is that there probably wasn't a burglary"

A point well taken. But unless Gordon, Hayes and Davis are all involved in an anti-Woolbright conspiracy, it seems clear that he at least *claimed* to have the missing secret papers. And, if Gordon is to be believed, Woolbright also knew a great deal about the burglary that had not been publicly reported, including the central fact that the billionaire's files had indeed been stolen. Add to that the "coincidences"—that Woolbright sounds like "Chester Brooks," that he worked across the street from security guard Mike Davis—and it also seems likely that Woolbright was somehow involved in the break-in, even if only after the fact.

Yet if Woolbright really had the Hughes papers, why did he court capture by revealing that fact to "Adam-12" Gordon, why did he leave so obvious a trail, and why didn't anyone follow it?

It is at least conceivable that Woolbright was neither bag man nor burglar, but rather a con artist with more brass than Clifford Irving, willing to risk imprisonment for a crime he didn't really commit in a bold grab for the big payoff. It would not have been entirely out of character. Back in St. Louis, Woolbright once worked with Philip Morel Wilson, a master flim-flam man who staged the biggest mail fraud in history, and who, when caught, used his prison address for a new scam.

If Woolbright was in fact Chester Brooks, but didn't have the stolen papers, he needed only one genuine document for the con, which the guard, Mike Davis, might well have been able to supply. And when the planned sting—an attempt to fleece Hughes of a million-dollar ransom—fell through, Woolbright may have gone to Gordon knowing full well he would snitch. Then, leaving a well-marked trail, the car salesman might have simply waited for a would-be buyer he could con.

It is no more implausible than the story Gordon told the grand jury, and at least as likely as the possibility that Woolbright pulled the Romaine job on his own.

The timing of the break-in certainly suggests otherwise. It is hard to believe that Woolbright, a small-time hustler, just happened to hit Romaine days after the Air West and Maheu subpoenas, at a time when Hughes was engaged in the biggest single project ever undertaken by the CIA, while Watergate investigators were after his files, and the fate of the President of the United States hung in the balance.

So if Woolbright seems the most obvious suspect, the mystery still remains. Who could have planned so audacious a heist? Who would have been desperate enough to take on Howard Hughes? And who has the missing secret papers?

According to his lawyers, Woolbright's defense will be based on the theory that the Hughes organization arranged a fictitious burglary to remove the documents from Romaine before they could be seized by court action. A long-suppressed Securities and Exchange Commission report suggests the same: "Hughes and his agents may have been motivated to make it appear that there was a theft in order to avoid complying with our [Air West] subpoenas." It is a theory impossible to dismiss.

Indeed, the facts are so compelling—no burglar alarm, the lone security guard refusing a lie-detector test, the security chief failing his—that even members of the District Attorney's Office say privately that the Hughes heist may have been entirely an inside job. "The aspect of the case that worries me," says one prosecutor, "is that there probably wasn't a burglary."

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There are similar concerns about the CIA. "We keep asking them if they know something we don't, if we're putting the wrong man on trial," says a local law enforcement official troubled by the agency's interference with the Romaine grand jury and its continued but unexplained interest in the Woolbright case. There are even hints that Woolbright may have had a CIA connection. Philip Wilson, his ex-partner, was working for the agency at the same time they were in business together. Through several of the 30-odd "insurance companies" that the con man ran from a St. Louis post office box, Wilson wrote policies on strategic shipments to several communist countries. And while he didn't always pay his claims, the CIA found him a useful "economic spy."

The CIA's ties to Hughes are not a matter of speculation, and the multiple subpoenas threatening to make his secret files public may have prompted the Company to protect itself and its most important proprietary. Robert Maheu, who was on the agency's payroll for much of the time he was working for Hughes, recently testified that the billionaire "was extremely anxious to get himself into an alliance with the CIA that would protect him from investigation by other government agencies." Perhaps in the *Glomar* project Hughes found that alliance.

Several major organized crime figures also had reason to seize the Hughes papers before they became public through court action. The billionaire, in his drive to buy up Las Vegas, dealt regularly with mobsters who owned the casinos, and undoubtedly acquired some interesting dossiers. And his intelligence network was hard at work trying to link Maheu to the mob at the time of the break-in.

There are conflicting reports that Woolbright also has organized crime connections. Los Angeles police intelligence files suggest that he is tied to key figures in the St. Louis underworld, including mob attorney Morris Shenker, his associate Sorkis Webbe and reputed Mafia boss Tony Giordano, all of whom have major interests in Las Vegas. At the time of the Romaine heist, Giordano was appealing a federal conviction on his hidden ownership of the Frontier, a casino later purchased by Hughes, and Shenker was facing a Nevada Gambling Commission inquiry on his bid to acquire full control of the Dunes, another hotel Hughes tried to purchase.

Several of Woolbright's associates support the LAPD allegations, among them Philip Wilson, who claims his ex-business partner was on a "first-name basis" with Webbe and Giordano. When the break-in occurred, Woolbright's brother Carl was sales manager at a Missouri auto agency in which both Webbe and Shenker had a financial interest, and where Giordano was one of many hoodlum customers. And Woolbright's attorney in the Romaine case, Norman London, is a long-time Shenker associate who has himself represented several major organized crime figures.

But Woolbright strongly denies that he knows Shenker, Webbe, Giordano, or has any mob connections. "I know who these people are, I know people who have been around them, but I don't know them, and I could walk down the street and they wouldn't recognize me." And in St. Louis, where they presumably know him best, both federal and local officials agree that Woolbright has no organized crime ties.

Complaining that his lawyer's fees are bleeding him dry, Woolbright asks, "Where's all my organized crime support, where's all these big bundles of money? I ain't got no Bebe Rebozo, I ain't got no Morris Shenker, who I'm supposed to know so intimately.

"If I'm a member of any organized crime," he adds, "please let the sons-of-bitches step forward now—or if you can get me in, I'll join."

Who has the secret papers of the world's most secretive man? The Hughes organization itself, the CIA, some underworld overlord—or Donald Ray Woolbright, still sitting on his million-dollar haul, a self-described "street hustler" with a stash of secrets quite possibly more explosive than the Pentagon Papers and the Nixon Tapes combined.

Perhaps Woolbright, awaiting trial on his farm in Williamsville, knows the answer. Trapped in the eye of a hurricane, he's worried. "I'm pretty much chopped liver any way this goes," he said in a recent interview. "Let's say I'm good for it, let's say I'm not—either way, the very fact that I'm said to be involved, that my name is even mentioned, puts me in a very dangerous position. Let's say I'm telling the truth about organized crime—I still could have problems from that area. Let's say only a fraction of what's been said about the CIA is truthful—if that's the case, I could have big problems there.

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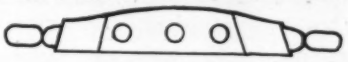

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Grand vibes

By Frank Conroy

I finished the tune we were playing, the house lights went up and one of the waiters leaned across the piano and handed me a note: "Could I speak to you for a moment?" was scrawled in pencil.

"Who gave you this?" I asked.

The waiter pointed to a table in the back of the room: "The gentleman over there." I saw a party of five or six dominated by a large man who resembled Monty Woolley. I looked away immediately. Beside me, Charlie rested his double bass against the wall. Bobby, the sax player, had already moved into the edge of the crowd to talk to a woman. I handed Charlie the note. He read it and gave a little shrug.

A month or so earlier the owner of a chain of shoe stores and his tipsy group had surrounded us for an entire set, eager for sing-along, even beating out some rhythms on the top of the Steinway. When, finally, the man sensed my lack of enthusiasm, he reacted with the speed and intensity of a lover spurned. "Well," he said, stepping back in genuine outrage, "you can take that piano and shove it up your ass!" Nothing very complicated, just another rich, vulgar egomaniac. But he caught me on the wrong night, and like a fool I stood up, shaking with anger, and invited him outside. Luckily people got between us, a waiter hustled him out the door and the whole thing fizzled. Charlie, who, unlike me, has played in bars all his life, was vastly amused, but I was, as I said, shaking.

So I'd become a bit leery of middle-aged fans. Nevertheless, I went to the rear table, and the gentleman I met there, a Mr. Ridley Watts (and family) from Cleveland, Ohio, was indeed a gentleman, with an irresistible air of gusto and mischief about him. Mr. Watts had heard us play three nights running, liked it, and was offering a one-night stand at a fund-raising bash in Cleveland. I thanked him, and explained that Charlie and I were local musicians and didn't travel, and that Bobby was just sitting in for a couple of nights for the fun of it. Mr. Watts waved these objections aside. "I'm talking about $1,000."

That gave me pause. "What sort of party is it?"

"A fund raiser for the CIA," he said with a chuckle. "The Cleveland Institute of Art, that is. You know, dinner, drinks, music." He leaned forward. "Jazz. The stuff you've been doing here. You'll be alternating with a big band." It was as if he sensed the impact the next two words would have on me. "Lionel Hampton," he said.

Hampton has been a special hero of mine since I was 14, when I would listen to him playing the vibes on the radio. Some time before that, in the twenties, Hampton had started as a drummer. He played with Louis Armstrong for a short time in the early thirties, doubling on the vibraphones, and achieved national celebrity in 1936 playing vibes with Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson as part of the Benny Goodman Quartet. The music of that famous group was a kind of hot swing, with touches of traditional Dixie. Hampton, more than anyone in the group, brought a nascent be-bop feeling to his music, anticipating the modernist movement. He had a particular style, of course, but in the subsequent years he never became a dated player, because his was a style with few mannerisms. There is an openness to his playing that allows him to respond to all sorts of new musical influences without losing his identity. He played beautifully with Benny Goodman—I can imagine him playing no less beautifully with Charlie Mingus or Cecil Taylor. The man is a walking history of jazz, he has done astonishing work with big bands over a 40-year span, written standards, jammed with small groups—in short, everything. The chance to appear with Hampton on the same bill was irresistible. I went and conferred with Charlie and Bobby, returned and shook hands with Mr. Watts. "It's a deal."

RAY ROSS

Walking history of jazz: Small bands, big bands, Hamp's played them all

Cleveland was cold. Ridley Watts met us at the airport in high good humor and confessed his relief at the fact that we'd all made it. "Those ladies," Ridley said with a slight shudder, referring to his co-chairpeople, "those ladies would have torn me apart." As we drove downtown he explained the setup. "One show upstairs for the fat cats, and then another downstairs for the great unwashed. You fellows start, and just take your cue from Hampton about when he wants to go on. When you're finished upstairs, go downstairs."

We parked in front of a large building in a nondescript neighborhood. "It's a factory we're converting

into artists' studios," Ridley said. "Jazz at the factory is the theme. They're all dressing as workers." This last was said almost apologetically, as if begging our indulgence of a ludicrous whim of Cleveland society.

After a quick tour of the building and a check of the bandstands, Ridley dropped us at the motel. We showered, Charlie and I drank some Scotch, Bobby smoked a joint, and we were ready.

"How come you get these great gigs, man?" Bobby asked me. He shook his head. "You must live right."

The room was enormous, with a high wall of frosted glass stretching into the distance and banks of round tables, splendidly set, where dinner for 500 would be served. The crowd was strewn along the long bar on the opposite side, four and five deep to get drinks, their conversation and laughter filling the air.

It is always a special moment. No matter how many times you've done it, the approach to the stand for the first set, for the beginning of the music, is always special. One is always eager, and always nervous. I sat down at the new grand piano, announced the tune to Bobby and Charlie, and counted off the tempo. Suddenly we were in the middle of music, enveloped in warm sound, all playing together. The audience seemed to recede, the whole outside world seemed to recede, and we sailed into the tune. (For me, at moments like this, there is an almost voluptuous feeling of digging in, like a gourmet plunging his spoon into a bottomless tub of caviar.)

Sometime during the second set I was vaguely aware of Hampton's musicians drifting up onto the stand behind us. I was playing a solo on "Autumn Leaves," in G minor, and it felt good. I closed my eyes and continued. All at once came the light sound of a cymbal, a stick on a cymbal, playing quarter notes exactly on the beat—one, two, three, four. I turned my head and there was Hampton on the drums, watching me without expression, one drumstick motionless in the air, the other blurring as it touched the cymbal. For a whole chorus we played thus, in a kind of tentative equipoise, listening. And then, as if of its own accord, the music jelled. I played a strong blues lick, Hampton brought the other stick down, and we were off to the races. A tremendous smile opened up on his face, and for fifteen minutes we played the ass off "Autumn Leaves."

Later, listening to the master spinning out his deep, beautiful silver lines in front of the band, aware of his emotion as one is aware of something tangible, like a tree, filled with a sense of the power of his 63-year-old soul, I realized that music is worth more than I could ever calculate. If I have to accept insults from shoe-store magnates to be part of music, I should accept them willingly. If I know I will never be as good as Bill Evans, I also know that for all that, I am still a player. For a minor leaguer or for a Lionel Hampton it is, in part, the same story. To be able to play is a blessing, and to have others to play with is a joy. Music never runs out.

★★★★ The Complete Lionel Hampton 1937–1941. (Bluebird). A gorgeous six-record set. The swing era, in all its glory, and including some of its jive—which, in retrospect, has a good deal of charm, as jive goes. Hamp plays vibes, piano and drums and sings with various small bands made up of some of the best musicians imaginable: Jo Jones, Sid Catlett, Johnny Hodges, Harry James, Jonah Jones, Herschel Evans, Ziggy Elman, Ben Webster, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Cozy Cole, Earl Bostic, Nat King Cole and others. Swing was often overarranged or stiffly played in a perfunctory manner as commercial dance music, but you won't find any of that here. Hampton's famous rhythm sections are right on the money, and the horn work by various legendary players is much freer than in most other bands of the time. Hamp's quicksilver two-finger piano style on "China Stomp" and "Wizzin' the Wizz" will boggle your mind. His vibes are magic all the way through. One particularly fine session of 1939 includes Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry and Ben Webster with Clyde Hart, Charlie Christian, Milt Hinton and Cozy Cole. A dream band if there ever was one. My only nit to pick is the amount of vocals by Hamp, who was never much of a singer. But there's so much else in this package, it's a small nit. Happy music—a solid upper. A must for any jazz library.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★ Heat Treatment, *Graham Parker* (Mercury). Graham Parker is a 26-year-old British singer, songwriter and rocker whom you should know about. He is an original. While his singing evokes Van Morrison, Bruce Springsteen and even Joe Cocker, his gruff vocals convey meaning with a fierce force that is entirely Parker's own. Although his lyrics borrow imagery from Dylan and Chuck Berry, and his recordings a more amorphous "sound" from John Fogerty, his writing never succumbs to idle wordplay or crude ranting, nor do his records ever sound merely imitative.

To accompany him, Parker has assembled a crack quintet of "pub band" veterans. During their heyday in the early seventies, pub bands charted the dimensions of classic rock style in an effort to keep their patrons dancing and drunk: usually that meant playing R&B like the Stones, Mersey Beat like the Beatles. Parker has inherited this understated, "neoclassical" approach to rock, only to animate it with his own impassioned and far darker persona, drawing together the otherwise disparate strands of the tradition plumbed by the pub bands.

Although *Heat Treatment* does not quite match the intensity of *Howlin' Wind*, his debut, it affords a fine sample of Parker's talents. The band plays with a rare sense of economy and detail, while Parker gives the kind of cohesive performance that distinguishes great rock stylists, even if this is not quite a Great Rock and Roll Record. But in this era of bigger-than-life ambitions (and failed promise), this band's modest virtues are here today. Catch them while you can.

★The Pretender, *Jackson Browne* (Elektra). To forestall misunderstanding: Jackson Browne is unquestionably the ablest of the Angelino acid folkies, those singer/songwriters and self-elected "outlaws" that aided, abetted and finally (I fear) rendered banal through overexposure such everpopular themes as the bad dude, the coming apocalypse and the masochistic joys of being screwed over by women. He inspired the Eagles (*someone* had to), cowrote "Take It Easy," and has now given us this gritty album, splendidly produced, arranged and packaged. (Dare I add promoted? And that in the best manner imaginable: through self-exposure in soul-searching profiles. Ah, narcissism!)

Now for the bad news. I detest Jackson Browne, and this for two strong reasons. One, his self-pitying

and portentious lyrics, when they do not simply ring false, glorify the most reprehensible aspects of the emotional life engendered by a rootless society. Two, he is scarcely able to sing. However, "Here Come Those Tears Again" may be his first sound effort at an R&B song. Someone else ought to consider recording it.

★★★ **Duets 1976,** *Anthony Braxton* (Arista). With the aid of pianist Richard Abrams, who engulfs him in a loving swarm of notes, Braxton devours two standards (Eric Dolphy's "Miss Ann" and Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag"), a couple of austere original compositions and an amusing exercise for contrabass saxophone, which sounds as if someone had accidentally crushed an inflatable tuba. Of our contemporary "jazz" players, Braxton may be the most important; he is certainly the most provocative.

★★★ **Happy Being Lonely,** *Chi-Lites* (Mercury). A surprisingly consistent set of uninhibited sweet group soul, from a quintet of knowing veterans with all the right moves.

★★★ **Live,** *Waylon Jennings* (RCA). Now that the "progressive" country movement has become a calculated genre, and something of a bore it's nice to have this reminder, cut in 1974, of the kind of artistry and raw feeling it briefly let flower.

★★★ **Honky Tonk Women Love Red Neck Men,** *Jerry Jaye* (Hi). From "Drinkin' My Way Back Home" to the raunchy remake of "Ain't Got No Home," Jaye performs homebrew rockabilly with gusto and panache.

★★★ **Home Is Where The Heart Is,** *Bobby Womack* (Columbia). For several years, Womack, who once played guitar for Sam Cooke and Wilson Pickett, has helped keep gritty Southern soul alive; his new album has a snappy first side, with several outstanding cuts (such as "Standing in the Safety Zone").

★★ **Endless Flight,** *Leo Sayer* (Warner Bros.). Leo shakes free of lukewarm Elton John imitations long enough to let loose "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing," an absurd disco send-up and the most irresistible piece of falsetto madness since "Lightnin' Strikes" by Lou Christie.

Movies

The top ten movies of 1946

By Richard Corliss

In 1946, 78 million Americans went to the movies every week. In an average week last year, in an America with 70 million more inhabitants, 60 million fewer went to the movies. Granted, the movies now come to them: *Gone With the Wind* was recently seen by 110 million televiewers. But with the competition of free entertainment at home, moviemakers have been forced to find new lures for the sedentary America. In the fifties, the industry tried Cinerama and CinemaScope; in the sixties, it tried plain old sin; now the ploy is nostalgia. No fewer than five major Christmas releases are remakes of or sequels to successful older films; and most of the others are glosses on standard Hollywood plots. Time will tell whether the trend remains popular (Dino De Laurentiis predicts that *King Kong* will have broken even—grossed $50 million—by the time you read this), but it's unlikely that the huge, addicted audiences of 30 years ago will return to movie houses to see their youthful dreams spun out for the umpteenth time with elephantine budgets and 8-track four-letter words.

1. **King Kong.** It wasn't until I'd read all the invidious comparisons of De Laurentiis' $24-million remake with its 1933 predecessor that I realized how full of metaphysical significance and poetic reverberations the original movie had been. I'd just thought of it as a slam-bang bit of monkey business with some very special special effects, and not as a parable of the black man's exploitation by the avaricious white, as a meditation on the battle between ego (entrepreneur Robert Armstrong) and id (the mighty Kong) or even as the saga of An American Gorilla and the Philistines. So it didn't bother me that De Laurentiis, screenwriter Lorenzo Semple Jr. and director John Guillermin turned a primitive movie fantasy into a romantic comedy-drama. The true ancestors of this *Kong* are the movies Howard Hawks used to make (*Only Angels Have Wings, The Thing*) about a group of macho adventurers, plus one spunky woman, fighting a hostile environment. And the comedy is straight out of Hawks' *Bringing Up Baby*, in which madcap Katharine Hepburn lays waste to a dinosaur, a leopard and Cary Grant. In the new movie the Hepburn part is winningly played by newcomer Jessica Lange, and all her victims (giant anachronism, jungle predator, perplexed male) are rolled into one big besotted beast. It's one of the weirdest and, given the limitations of schlock art, most affecting love stories of the year. *Kong* should provide a couple of hours of enjoyment to everyone except the armchair analysts who insist on seeing the mechanical ape as some 50-foot Edifice Rex.

Rock remake: Kris and Barbra in a 140-minute commercial

2. **A Star Is Born.** It was a hit in 1937 with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, and again in 1954 with Judy Garland and James Mason, so why not a rock remake of *A Star Is Born* with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson? Well, for one thing, because Streisand is about as convincing playing an ingenue as Mae West would be in *The Singing Nun*. For another, because Streisand acted as a very aggressive executive producer (with her *beau coiffeur*, Jon Peters, as line producer) and, according to reports, badgered director-cowriter Frank Pierson into slanting the story and the shots her way. Whether the rumors are true, only her hairdresser knows for sure. We

note only that K.K. hardly gets through a single song, while B.S. sings half a dozen; and that in shots where he should be the center of attention, she's the one in focus. The boss must have realized that this story gives all the best scenes to the disintegrating male star. Kristofferson, who at 40 looks like a middle-aged Greek god sculpted by Michelangelo, takes whatever advantage he can of his character's complexities; and he proves, with one teary "I love you, Esther," that he can act a swan-diva off the screen. But Barbra has the last words—and they aren't, "Hello, everybody, this is Ms. Norman Maine." They're the lyrics to a nine-minute song that certifies Esther's star quality and demonstrates whose movie this really is. Then again, with Streisand in top vocal form, it may hardly matter that *A Star Is Born* is ragged, often hollow, occasionally embarrassing in its attempts to be either hip or romantic. It may hardly matter because the movie is basically a 140-minute commercial for the soundtrack album (on Columbia records and tapes).

Love story: An adoring Dwan in the palm of Kong's hand

3. **The Enforcer.** A Ph.D. thesis could be written (and, given the state of film scholarship, probably has) that posits James Bond and Dirty Harry Callahan as the archetypal heroes of their respective decades. Bond, with his chic tastes and sleek women, was Camelot's own image of a CIA superman; he gave his villains a sporting chance, and kept saving the world mostly because it was fun. Harry (Clint Eastwood) drinks cheap beer and, though he packs a phallic .44 Magnum, keeps his loins as pure as his hatred for "the hoods"; he's Nixon's wet dream of a good cop. For my money, Nixon had better taste in movies (John Wayne, John Ford) than Kennedy did, and I much prefer Eastwood's cartoon sadism to the smirking pseudo-sophistication of the Bond movies. *The Enforcer*, third in the Dirty Harry series, takes a leaf from one of the better Bonds, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, in which 007 went a little soft over a doomed adventuress and became almost human. Here Harry is teamed up, much against his will, with an experienced woman officer (Tyne Daly, who looks like a cuter, more sensible Liza Minnelli) to smash a gang of evil, overacting kidnappers. I'll leave it to you to guess (a) which cop proves her mettle by shooting the bad guys' second in command, (b) which cop is then shot in the back by the star bad guy and (c) which suddenly remorseful tough cop avenges her death by blowing up the star bad guy with his very own weapon. All these movie conventions were established around 1903; only the ketchup has been changed to make the guilty die more spectacularly. Eastwood, guided by director John Fargo, is still the seventies' own superstar, sexy and self-assured but nowhere near perfect. And *The Enforcer* is a harmless way to release your submerged fascist tendencies; when you come out of the theater, you can go back to being a pragmatic liberal.

4. **The Pink Panther Strikes Again.** About this fourth in Blake Edwards' series of Inspector Clouseau farces, I have little to say. Peter Sellers remains an inventive comic, and Edwards is still one of the deftest sight-gag engineers since Buster Keaton. But the idea of a mad Machiavel who schemes to rule the world with his laser should have been retired after overuse by Bond and *Batman*. Sometimes I laughed; sometimes I quietly appreciated the intricate mechanics of a particular gag; sometimes I composed my Christmas shopping list. Even critics are moviegoers, and once in a while they'll react to the question "Did you like the movie?" with only a smile and a shrug. Smile. Shrug.

5. **The Shaggy D.A.** Walt Disney is the only auteur who continues to control his movies from the grave. His 1959 *The Shaggy Dog* made a lot of kids laugh (including this one), but something seems to have affected Disney in the last few years: his recent films don't show the care of his pioneering early works. And he continues to misuse talented TV comedians (Suzanne Pleshette, Tim Conway). Except for last year's Disney World commercial for Eastern Airlines, his studio hasn't produced a new idea since *Mary Poppins*. But parents go right on sending their kids to his movies, suckered by the brand name into thinking a Disney product is still a Creative Plaything. *The Shaggy D.A.* won't harm kids, but it does no credit to the studio's reputation, built more than a generation ago on the skillful animation and story-telling techniques of *Pinocchio*, *Dumbo*, etc. In 1939, historian Lewis Jacobs called Disney "the virtuoso of the film medium"; now he's just an audiotronic babysitter.

6. **Voyage of the Damned.** In 1939 the German liner *St. Louis* set sail from Hamburg with 937 Jewish passengers and the hope of the Third Reich that people around the world would see that even "humane" governments were less than eager to embrace the new Diaspora. In 1976 Sir Lew Grade, the English media lord, launched *Voyage of the Damned* with 27 movie stars and the hope that audiences around the world would see it as a humane disaster film, a bigger-grossing *Ship of Fools*. Sir Lew may as well have called it *The Paskudneh Adventure*. It's the kind of movie where the Good Germans speak perfect English and the Nazis rasp in vaudeville Teutonic. Each star is on camera just long enough to produce a big emotional scene that can be excerpted for a 30-second TV spot. ("See Ben Gazzara sweat! Ogle Faye Dunaway in a monocle and high boots! Watch Oskar Werner cry! Admire Max Von Sydow being noble! Gasp as Lee Grant cuts off her hair!") *Voyage of the Damned* is a high-melodrama version of a Dean Martin Celebrity Roast—and, even at 158 minutes, it's as easy to sit through as it is to make jokes about.

7. **Maîtresse.** Back in 1942 there was a romantic comedy called

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Take a Letter, Darling, in which advertising executive Rosalind Russell hires Fred MacMurray as her personal secretary. In Barbet Schroeder's *Maîtresse*, professional sadist Bulle Ogier hires burglar Gérard Depardieu to pee in the face of a masochistic client Bulle happens to be straddling. It's what used to be called "meeting cute." Once Gérard moves in with Bulle, he shows no disapproval of (and only the smallest amount of interest in) the leather aspects of his new lady's career, but he is upset that business so often calls her away from their bed to her rack. As long as Schroeder is giving (literally) new twists to screwball comedy, his movie is creepily enjoyable. But though the theme of *Maîtresse* is the connection between "normal" and sadomasochistic sex, the relationship between Gérard and Bulle never expresses the natural tensions of power and pain. The movie's introduction of documentary torture scenes (mostly involving creative carpentry) only emphasizes the gulf between the mistress' sex play with Gérard and her hard work with her clients. For some genuine, well-acted hanky-spanky, you'd have done better to tune in the Garth and Patty Gimble sequences on *Mary Hartman*.

8. **The Incredible Sarah.** Some day a real sadist will strap Glenda Jackson into a screening-room chair and make her watch all her movies. The actress is obviously intelligent and sensitive; she should go stark raving mad by about the third reel of *The Incredible Sarah*, a Bernhardt biopic that recalls all those Old Hollywood Lives of the Great Artists, and reminds us how awful they were. The movie follows the Divine One's rise from the Comédie Française, through her conquests of theatergoers and aristocratic swains, to her final triumph as Joan of Arc—when you only hope Sarah's wooden leg doesn't catch fire. No, you *do* hope it catches fire; such are the perverse pleasures of bad movies. *The Incredible Sarah* was bankrolled by the good folks at *Reader's Digest*, which explains the film's pacing: it gallops along like a miniseries on Masterplots Theater. Or maybe it's hurrying out of simple embarrassment. A moving target, you know.

9. **Nickelodeon.** Now we're in the realm of hard-core nostalgia. *Nickelodeon* is a $6 million trip back to those crazy, wonderful days of the silent pictures, when youngsters (like Burt Reynolds and Tatum O'Neal) could stumble into stardom and "any jerk" (like Ryan O'Neal) could direct. But Peter Bogdanovich isn't any jerk. He's one of the new generation of directors who studied film the way a convict in solitary would learn a foreign language: by the book. Maybe that's why his movies (especially *What's Up, Doc?* and *At Long Last Love*) have the smell of the projector lamp about them. Every time Bogdanovich's actors break into a song or a sentiment, I wonder which Ford or Hawks film he's quoting. Indeed, *Nickelodeon*'s peroration is an olio of quotes from filmmakers Bogdanovich has interviewed, and it ends with a Jimmy Stewart line (about movies being "pieces of time") that Bogdanovich used as the title of one of his books. The speech ought to be moving and melancholy; instead it makes you think of the cigarette ads that are now slipped into the middles of paperbacks.

10. **All This and World War II.** Matching scenes from wartime documentaries and Hollywood movies with songs by John Lennon and Paul McCartney has got to be the most bizarre premise for a movie since . . . well, at least since *Maîtresse*. Director Susan Winslow has unearthed some extraordinary footage, and by now Lennon and McCartney must surely be recognized as masters of the popular song just behind Porter and Sondheim. So *All This* is a movie to see and to listen to—but, good grief, not at the same time! The juxtaposition makes no sense. But did it ever? How did Winslow get the backing for her film? And what sights and sounds will she match next? Watergate and Burt Bacharach? The McCarthy era and Barry Manilow? One thing is sure: moviegoers of 1946 were already sick of watching World War II, even when orchestrated to the martial cadences of Lowell Thomas' voice. And today's audiences would rather sit home and watch *The Gong Show*.

... AND THE TEN BEST MOVIES OF 1976

By common consent, 1976 was the worst year for movies since 1892. (In 1893, the Edison studio produced a five-second film of a man sneezing, which in dramatic power and artistic compression puts most of last year's movies to shame.) What follows is not so much my "Ten Best" list as my "Ten and Only" list. Constant readers will find no surprises here; it's simply an alphabetical ordering of most of the

films I reviewed favorably last year. Honest, folks, I *like* movies! It just happens that 1976 was a great year for wine, a mediocre year for presidential campaigns, and a lousy year for the cinema.

All the President's Men
Bound for Glory
Bugsy Malone
Buffalo Bill and the Indians
The Last Tycoon
Mahler
The Memory of Justice
Robin and Marian
Small Change
Taxi Driver

Books

Free enterprise and the freeze

By Geoffrey Wolff

Snowblind: A Brief Career in the Cocaine Trade *by Robert Sabbag.* Bobbs-Merrill (284 pp., $8.95).

I have a friend, call him the Baron. My friend the Baron was discovered by a great deal of money some five years back, and while he puzzled out ways to waste it he managed to spend $300 a week, and more, on cocaine. He would never have thought of his fondness for coke as an addiction, or even a habit: rather it was a hobby, and after a couple of years devoted pretty exclusively to its several imperatives, he gave it up without even noting the occasion, as one might one day file away a stamp collection and take up stargazing. In fact, the Baron had taken Lady up as abruptly as he had dropped her, and I asked about this phenomenon.

"Well," he told me, "the stuff was fun to buy, and lots of fun to talk about. But it didn't hammer you, nothing like acid, or even grass. It was sneaky. I'll say this: it made me feel good, made me feel just terrific. Healthy and happy. After I gave it up I felt just the same—terrific, healthy, happy. I guess I'm just the kind of guy who feels good, with or without."

The last I heard about the Baron he was out on the coast, with a U-Haul moving van parked in front of his house. He's planning to come back east, settle down, get to work. The van has been parked there some weeks now, waiting while the Baron works his way through an ounce of top-of-the-line coke. The Baron is loyal to his old hobby; people who speak with experience of coke speak of it with affection and loyalty. Its effect is delicate: it is said to clear the sinuses and the brain when snorted, like snuff. It is pretty stuff, shiny and flaky, and hence one of its monikers, *snow*. Its virtues are wasted on boozers and dopers, and it is very pricey, better than $1,000 per ounce, and that's an ounce cut with an Italian laxative or borax. The Baron said that when it was very, very good it would hit his nasal passages with a cold, clear freeze. After years of heavy coke use, the nasal passages deteriorate badly, and the mucous membranes are damaged. Otherwise, cocaine seems to be the most benign of our outlawed drugs.

Much of the lore of the drug, together with its chemistry and peculiar social properties, can be found in this true account of a high-dollar cocaine

STEPHEN WHEATLEY

Robert Sabbag: Condensing human qualities with admirable precision

smuggler. Robert Sabbag has changed names, but otherwise held to facts in his profile of Zachary Swan, the son of a manufacturer, who began in his mid-forties, in the fall of 1970, to bring cocaine into the United States from Colombia, by the kilo, selling it for approximately ten times what he had paid for it. Swan had previously brought some dope up from Mexico, but he never traded in heroin, and he emerges from his story as a man of wit and generosity and principle, an outlaw of the old school.

Before he turned smuggler he was a salesman for his father's packaging company, earning a meager $12,500 per year, managing to gamble and barhop and play with the help of his wife's ample modeling fees. When his marriage broke up, Swan's appetite for cash increased, and smuggling satisfied it: he generally dealt in quantities of three or more kilos per trip, selling them on the average for $50,000 per kilo. On one trip alone he cleared $200,000. That was the trip before he was busted on Long Island—for skinny-dipping and making a public nuisance of himself. The police found some of his coke, and a revolver, but he finally beat the drug rap, and got probation for the illegal gun. As he left the courtroom he remarked to his attorney: "This is just like walking through customs."

On most trips through customs, Swan came home clean. He either used "mules"—carriers—or he sent the coke home, to a foolproof and innocent addressee, packed in a wooden souvenir. These wooden objects were made in accordance with his specifications by a Colombian carpenter, who used extremely heavy wood and then hollowed out the halves and reassembled them. When Swan used mules he devised alibis for them, and these were the fruit of elaborate and costly blueprints, extraordinary schemes like the Duplicate Bag Switch ("arrest-proof wherever the rules of evidence apply") or the Brown Gold Scam.

This last was spectacular. It required Swan to insert in many jars of freeze-dried coffee a lucky-number sweepstakes ticket, each bearing a number identical to all the others. The jars were squirreled away on supermarket shelves in Brooklyn; the tickets directed purchasers to a telephone number attached to the coffee company's bogus Manhattan office, leased by Swan for the flourish. One old lady telephoned, and Swan announced that she and her husband had won a free trip to Colombia. They went, and at the Hotel Caribe in Cartagena a poolside ceremony was held, and the couple received many gifts. Made from wood.

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These, loaded with coke, they took home to New York, where they were again feted, and photographed with their wooden souvenirs. Then, while they were at lunch with Swan at Luchows, the gifts were exchanged for lookalikes, empty of coke:

"The feeling after putting one over is indescribable. In the beginning, they all laughed at me, at all my long, intricate plans, my maps, my charts . . . my overdevelopment, they called it." In the end his ideas were so fruitful and foolproof that he was hiring himself out as a smuggling consultant, or giving away scams just for the hell of it. It is clear that Swan got what rush he did from his work not from the accumulation of profits but from pulling fast ones, manipulating, greasing wheels.

As good as the profits were, the work was tedious: "Smuggling is waiting. Sitting in rooms. Waiting. Killing time." It is also a way to get killed, forever. No long wait after that. One of Swan's best friends was shot in the face at close range by Cuban coke dealers in Miami, and died. Swan was pistol-whipped by one hood, and ripped off for $45,000 in merchandise by another. It is suggested that Swan may be cranking up even now for another go at the border, but his affection for a smuggler's life, its glamour, has been radically modified on the down side.

Sabbag tells Swan's story well, and abjures from the temptation to speculate on Swan's psychological turmoils, except to suggest that he was caught finally from a wish to be caught, which makes sense. Sabbag is very good on drugs themselves, and good while action transpires. But he is awful as a setter of scenes, overwriting and overreaching, trying for a bogus kill after the fashion, this moment, of Hunter Thompson (who has given *Snowblind* a rousing endorsement, putting it right up there on the shelf with his own *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas,* where it doesn't belong) and, the next moment, of Tom Wolfe.

He likes especially to hammer away at America's false fronts, its plastic and junk food, and this he does not nearly as well as Thompson, and much to excess. Do we really need to think once again of Dallas as a place that "owed its ass to oil and football," even if it were true, which it is not? Do we need again to see Dallas (usually it's L.A.) as "America on the threshold of the twenty-first century, the implications of which were staggering and not a little bit frightening to a man who had been doing Black Beauties for thirty hours." I do not believe such an implication would have quite that effect on anyone other than a member of the Club of Rome or the Brookings Institution, Black Beauties or none. When we come to Colombia all the nations on its borders are inventoried, together with the "umbilical Isthmus of Panama, the continent's overland route to the north . . . . Its population hovers somewhere near twenty million." Sabbag points out that it is not spelled like the name of the university in Morningside Heights.

If this is mere travel-brochure stuff, other of Sabbag's vices are more consequential. He lurches for out-of-the-way connections and metaphors, much as a heavy doper or acid freak discovers wonderful correspondences between pedestrian artifacts and phenomena. Thus the Volkswagen in which Swan was arrested is "the latest reincarnation of the Dachau boxcar, the unimpeachable symbol of the Fatherland's relentless. . . ." Thus the Algonquin Hotel is set up as a rebuke, via speculations about urban renewal, to our atomic attack on Hiroshima (!) Thus George Washington's Birthday, on which Sabbag first met Swan at the Algonquin and concluded a publishing contract, is said to be the "242nd birthday of the congenital syphilitic who had become known as the father of our country."

This is kid stuff, fright masks and dirty words scribbled on walls, snoots cocked at the grown-ups, not very interesting or at all inventive. But for the balance of *Snowblind* give Sabbag a try. He has something. For one thing his book improves hugely (till he hits the Algonquin toward the end) as he moves through his story, surrendering to his fascination with Swan and his world. For another, Sabbag can condense human qualities with admirable precision. Here is "Mean Mickey, anything but mean . . . a something-for-nothing small-change hustler who worked hard at making money the easy way." And here's Jago, a Colombian bodyguard who'd "just as soon cut your lungs up as piss on the carpet."

Snowblind is defaced by the most extravagantly misleading and illiterate dust-jacket synpopsis I have ever read. It concludes with a command: "Snort this book!" If it would only have lowered its voice, I would have hollered READ IT. As it is, do what you want, try it, do what you want.

Final Tribute

The death of Valiant/By Edward M. Kennedy

In May 1974, in an address at Kenyon College in Ohio; Philip Hart summed up the philosophy that had carried him so far in public life:

> In a complex and free society, few if any mountains will be scaled on the first try, and progress comes by climbing a molehill at a time. And perhaps that is the way it should be, for who among us has the wisdom to foresee with certainty what life is like on a summit we have yet to achieve.

In debate, his voice almost never shook the rafters of the Senate. He preferred to use his words to shake our conscience and our votes. He never had an axe to grind, but he always cut through every issue to find the truth and open it up for the rest of us to see. He spent 18 years in the Senate, sighting the endless summits to be climbed on foreign and domestic issues, blazing trails for others to follow, encouraging those of lesser vision and endurance to join him on his climbs. When he retired, we named our newest Senate office building after him, as a mark of our affection for the man and our respect for his achievements.

He was an ideal senator, combining almost perfectly the twin roles of Senator from Michigan and United States Senator, faithfully representing the interests of the people of his state, and just as faithfully reconciling them with the larger interests of the nation as a whole.

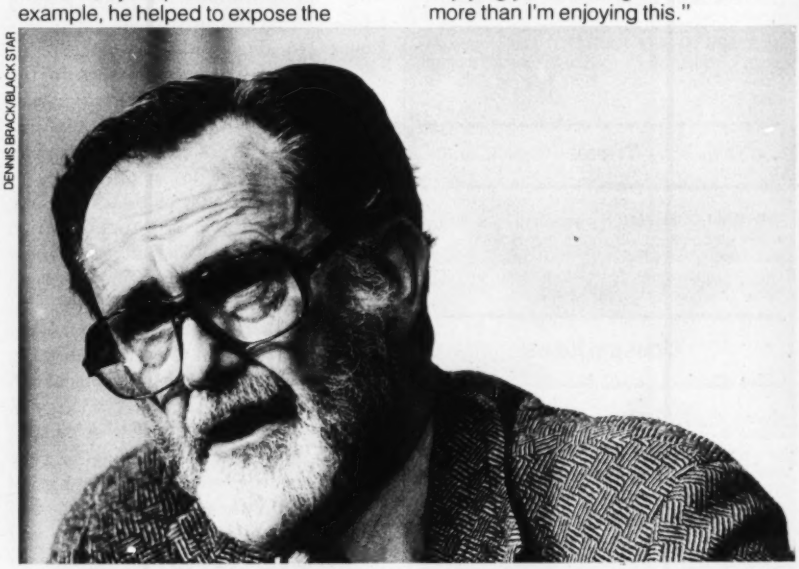
Above all, for a generation in the Senate he was a missionary for civil rights,skillfully and successfully guiding every major civil rights bill through the gauntlet of the filibuster. He helped the nation understand the depth of division caused by segregation and discrimination. More than any other senator, he helped translate the demand for racial equality into a practical reality at the lunch counter, the voting booth and the apartment house.

"Every American," he said, "should be judged as an individual, by our individual merits—and not, while we are still 50 feet away, by the color God gave us."

Often, he started out by asking why. Why should a child growing up black in the urban ghetto be more likely to drop out of high school than to graduate from college? Why should a child born on an Indian reservation have no doctor for the first six years of life? Why should anyone's horizon be narrowed by the color of his skin or the Spanish lilt to his name?

Phil Hart irritated some by these questions. But he asked them softly, with understanding and compassion. He also asked them with quiet force and with irresistible logic and persistence. And more than any other senator in my time, he was listened to, because to hear such questions and to understand them was to answer them.

In many other areas, he also left his footprints. He was one of the first in Congress to oppose the ABM system. He fought against the Vietnam War, and he fought equally hard for amnesty for those who understood the war was wrong. He served brilliantly on the Senate committee investigating the FBI and CIA; by his presence and example, he helped to expose the dangers to our basic liberties in the abuses of government power. He was a constant Senate voice for other causes, too—for the preservation of the environment and the protection of consumers, for decent health and better education, for gun control and for restraint on the economic power of giants in the marketplace.



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In the final months of illness, he showed a fresh meaning of his courage and a new dimension of his character and of his devotion to the causes he believed in. Time and again, he came to the Senate floor in pain—when no doctor in his right mind would have advised him to be at work—to lead the effort to break a filibuster and reform the antitrust laws, the most far-reaching changes in those laws in many years. It was a long struggle against great odds and the strong lobbying pressures of special-interest groups bent on retaining their undue power over the economy. Last September, two weeks before the session ended, the House of Representatives accepted the Senate version of the bill, which meant that it would be enacted into law. "Now," said Phil Hart, "I can hang up my hat."

The personal, thoughtful side was always there. The Senate was never too much with him. At a routine hearing to make a record for later action on his antitrust reforms, he noticed a staff aide's six-year-old daughter in the committee room reading a Raggedy Ann picture book. He penned a note, "I'll bet you're enjoying your book right now much more than I'm enjoying this."

Every cause he touched, he left better than he found it. Now, he belongs to Clay, Calhoun, Webster and other great Senate names. It is difficult to believe that any finer person ever graced the Senate chamber.

Near the end of *Pilgrim's Progress*, there is a passage that tells of the death of Valiant:

> Then, he said, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not regret me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimmage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battle who now will be my rewarder." ●

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